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Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS 477
EDITORIALS:
- The Root of Our Lawlessness 480
- Lobbying Good and Bad 481
- The Fires of Hell 481
- The *Edinburgh Review* 482

IT SEEMS TO HEYWOOD BROUN 483
THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE. By John A. Hobson 484
LOBBIES FOR LOOT. By Ruby A. Black 486
PROSPERITY—BELIEVE IT OR NOT: II. NEW STANDARDS OF LIVING. By Stuart Chase 488
THE FOOTBALL HERO REBELS. By Clarence E. Cason 490
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter 492
CORRESPONDENCE 492
BOOKS, FILMS, AND DRAMA:
- To a Modern Painter. By Corinna Reiman Marsh 494
- Meditations in a Country Churchyard. By James Rorty 494
- Dough-Boy and Hammer-Man. By Mark Van Doren 494
- A Saga of the North. By H. L. Mencken 495
- Mexican Culture. By George C. Vaillant 496
- Confessions of George Sand. By Katharine Anthony 496
- A Fine American Novel. By Clifton P. Fadiman 497
- Nuns and Their Pupils. By E. Boyd Barrett 498
- A Curious Background. By Harold Kellock 498
- Poetry Briefs 500
- The Book Shelf 500
- Films: The Talkies Advancing. By Alexander Bakshy 503
- Drama: Bad Luck and Bad Manners. By Joseph Wood Krutch 504

CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE 504
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:
- Labor in Queensland. By Carter Goodrich 506

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THE SOVEREIGN STATE of North Carolina has by judicial process consigned seven men to prison for terms varying from five to twenty years for the murder of Police Chief Aderholt of Gastonia, but the doubt will persist that these men are guilty. The man who killed Aderholt was not identified, and not one of the Northern Communist organizers who received the heaviest sentences was shown to have fired a shot. Although the evidence against local Southern strikers was stronger than against the Northerners it was the Southerners who escaped with five- to fifteen-year sentences while Beal, Miller, Carter, and Harrison were given seventeen to twenty years. The fate of the prisoners was sealed when Judge Barnhill admitted evidence to show that they held Communist and atheist beliefs. To a Southern fundamentalist farmer a Communist or an atheist is a criminal per se. That the jury convicted the prisoners for their beliefs as much as their crimes is indicated by the blanket verdict which found all the prisoners guilty of all the crimes charged without discrimination, although the evidence against some of the defendants on some of the charges was nil. Rolling on the floor, shouting, and kneeling in prayer Solicitor John G. Carpenter in his summary before the jury denounced the defendants as "foreign Communists," "fiends incarnate," and "devils with hoofs and horns." "Do you believe in the flag, do you believe in North Carolina?" he screamed. The jury, saturated with nationalist superstitions and anti-labor prejudice, gave the only answer that could come from such a group.

PRESIDENT HOOVER, meet Mr. Export Debenture! Mr. Debenture, you will recall, is an old acquaintance who spent some time with us last spring and then went to the country for his health. Now he is back hale and hearty, and more popular than ever with his friends the Senators. You thought him an impractical fellow before, as we remember, on account of his economic views, and of course he came in bad company—just farmers; but now that he is back along with all your good friends, Mr. Grundy and Mr. Eyanson and the rest, we can't help wondering if you won't at least have Mrs. Hoover invite him to tea. Of course, we don't like his high prices even yet, but then we don't like Mr. Aluminum Tariff and his high prices and all the rest of the Tariff boys with their high prices. You like them so well that we are sure you will be glad to see Mr. Debenture back walking arm in arm with them where he belongs. What? You say you'll veto Mr. Debenture? Strange hospitality that, to anyone who promises to raise prices and make somebody rich. Goodby, Mr. Debenture; call again.

THE "INTELLECTUAL ARROGANCE" which Senator Bingham always displays in the Senate was partially responsible, the press dispatches report, for the zest with which his fellow-Senators examined and scored the Senator from Connecticut who has now admitted that his hiring of a tariff lobbyist as his private secretary, to coach him as to what tariff favors Connecticut needed, was a "mistake." That mild characterization of his own act merely emphasizes again Senator Bingham's moral callousness and unfitness for the post he occupies. It is only a "mistake," he thinks, to take an employee of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association, palm him off as his private secretary, put him on the government's pay-roll, and let him into the secret hearings of the Senate's subcommitee on finance with the result that 44 of the 52 industries of Connecticut received tariff favors aggregating $70,000,000. Even the dyed-in-the-wool tariff men in Congress are appalled at this revelation of the way tariffs are made to suit the beneficiaries and are calling Bingham's act not a "mistake" but a criminally stupid blunder. It is now up to the people of Connecticut to show how they feel. By his own statement the Senator conceived himself the representative not of all the people of Connecticut but only of the manufacturers and their employees. In that role he was willing to tax all the people of his State to enrich the manufacturers. Connecticut surely remembers that this is the same Hiram Bingham who pledged his word that if he was elected governor he would serve out his term. He was elected—and went to the Senate immediately. Connecticut owes it to itself to call on the Senator to retire to private life.

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PROFESSOR DAVID SAVILLE MUZZEY has generously consented to drop his libel suit for $100,000 against former Representative John J. Gorman. Mr. Gorman made charges that Mr. Muzzey's "American History" contained treasonable and seditious matter and should be kept out of the public schools. Now he admits that he neglected to read the history in question before making the charges; his official retraction in part follows:

> I write to retract the charges that I made concerning your textbook in use in the public schools. As you have already been advised, the letter which I addressed to Mayor Thompson, dated August 24, 1927, criticizing your book, "American History," was not written by me, but was prepared by another person.
>
> I had not at the time read your book to which this letter referred, and I made the mistake of signing the letter because of the confidence that I had in this person and his statements. I have since found that I was misled in so doing.
>
> I greatly regret if in this letter to the Mayor, in my testimony before the Board of Education at the McAndrew trial, or in any other statement made by me, I have seemed to reflect in any way upon your motives in writing these textbooks or upon your character as a patriotic citizen, for I now realize that I had no basis for casting such aspersions. . . .

Mr. Muzzey is privileged to take what comfort he may from this letter, proof as it is that Mr. Gorman acted quite without thought and with sufficient animus. For ourselves we should prefer the hundred thousand dollars. Charges of this sort are more easily made than forgotten or retracted. And as long as there are persons stupid enough and malicious enough to make them—or to sign without reading it a statement which makes them—there should be a protection and a redress against them for honest men.

THE AUTHOR OF WILLIAM B. SHEARER'S secret document, purporting to be a bitter attack upon the United States by Sir William Wiseman, has now been revealed as Dr. William J. Maloney, a brilliant Irish physician, resident in New York since the war. Of course, the "secret" of Dr. Maloney's delightful and legitimate skit upon England and the United States, intended to do its part in keeping the United States out of the League of Nations, has for years been no secret in New York. The pamphlet was at the time of its publication investigated by solemn and stupid Secret Service men, unable to tell the difference between a brilliant satire and high treason. It remained, however, for Mr. Shearer to resurrect one letter from this pamphlet with which to try to defeat the naval conference at Geneva. Nothing could more clearly prove that Mr. Shearer is either a fool or a knave. If he was not aware of the source of the pamphlet and its satirical character, he was a careless fool. If he deliberately palmed it off as a genuine official British document, he was a knave. He must decide for himself which horn of the dilemma to choose when he next appears before the Senate committee of inquiry.

UNCONDITIONAL ACCEPTANCE by Japan and acceptance by France and Italy without formal conditions but with implied reservations, is the response of those Powers to the invitation of the British Government to the naval conference at London next January. The Japanese reply was notably frank and cordial. The French reply, while it did not mention the submarine issue, seized upon Mr. Henderson's reference in his note of invitation to the Preparatory Commission of the League to reiterate the well-known French contention that a general reduction of armaments could be carried out only under League auspices. Washington dispatches had hastened to announce, before the French reply was published, that there was no intention of tying the London conference to the League, but that any agreement that was reached would stand on its own feet. The Italian reply went farther afield by referring specifically to the Italian note of October 6, 1928, occasioned by the stir over the secret Anglo-French naval understanding. In that note the Italian Government, in addition to expressing its preference for limitation by total tonnage rather than by classes of vessels, let it be known that it would not be satisfied with a fleet less powerful than that of any other "continental European country." Evidently the London conference will have to deal with some delicate situations and national politics will, as usual, play their part. The important thing is that the conference is assured. If, now, the governments will leave their technicians at home there will be ground for expecting that something worth while may be done.

WHILE GREAT BRITAIN'S Labor Government has been winning plaudits in foreign relations, where traditionally only the aristocracy are competent, its friends have watched with increasing concern its lack of bold action in domestic affairs. The miners' demands for a seven-hour day and other concessions, together with the mine owners' determined opposition to these demands, only emphasize the necessity for a thoroughgoing reorganization of the coal industry. The Government's reply, presented to the miners last week, appears, according to the brief cabled summaries, to be a weak compromise document offering a seven-and-a-half-hour day, nationalization of royalties early next year, and the putting into effect of the owners' scheme for coordination of marketing. There is no use puttering with the British coal industry in this way; the Conservatives did enough of that. The Government would do well to take a lesson from the success of the German rationalization scheme and to come forward with a comprehensive plan for this disorganized and inefficient industry. On the same day that it replied to the miners the Government made public a bill to extend the existing system of old-age pensions to cover half a million additional pensioners at an added cost of eight million pounds a year. If Mr. MacDonald's Government is to maintain its position, it needs to devise schemes not only of spending money "for the purpose of extending human happiness," as the *Daily Herald* puts it, but of reorganizing British industry to produce the wherewithal.

IT IS AN AMAZING STORY of chauvinism and tyranny that Marcus Duffield tells in the November issue of *Harper's Magazine* in discussing "Mussolini's American Empire." No Italian in the United States and no American citizen of Italian birth is safe from the long arm of Fascist imperialism, even after many years of residence in this country. The Fascist League, Mussolini's political organization in the United States, sets up courts and schools for its "subjects" and even imposes taxes upon Italo-American

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bachelors. The country is honeycombed with Fascist agents who by boycott and intimidation suppress the anti-Fascist organizations and herd the children into Fascist schools. They have captured the largest Italian fraternal order, the Sons of Italy, and the Casa Italiana at Columbia University. Only two Italian newspapers in the United States have survived their attack—the New York daily *Il Nuovo Mondo* and the irrepressible Carlo Tresca's *Il Martello*. When the Duce is unable to command the loyalty of Italo-Americans by direct orders or by economic pressure his lieutenants use relatives in Italy as hostages to compel obedience. Many an ardent anti-Fascist in America has suppressed his anger and joined a local Fascio after receiving a piteous plea from relatives in the homeland. Italy has for a number of years claimed the right to conscript all eligible men of Italian birth for the army—even those who are American citizens—but Mussolini has given a peculiarly partisan twist to this practice. He has adopted the policy, says Mr. Duffield, "of arresting for military duty all eligible Italo-Americans visiting Italy except Fascisti in good standing."

THE SARDONIC FACT about this American empire of Mussolini is that it is made possible by American money. Italy is a very poor country, and without American credit it is doubtful if Mussolini could carry on; certainly he could not without American aid continue his program of military aggrandizement. Our bankers have given his government $300,000,000 in loans, our settlement of the Italian war debt was exceptionally generous, and Mussolini counts upon us for more money in the future. It is not surprising, therefore, that he is particularly sensitive to American criticism and that the United States is flooded with Fascist propagandists who seek to exalt him as a dictator of almost divine wisdom. What the situation demands is a determined word from Washington. The Government should now act on the facts *Harper's* has brought out. If Mussolini's dictatorship had been pro-labor instead of pro-capitalist that word would have been spoken long ago.

SENATOR SHEPPARD, it seems to us, is entirely logical in his proposal to amend the Volstead Act to make purchasers of liquor as well as sellers specifically liable for infringement of the law, though we fail to see any logic in his remark that "the fact of the continued advance of prohibition sentiment makes it advisable." Opposition to Senator Sheppard's plan comes, strangely enough, from the dry camp. Rev. Dr. A. J. Barton, high in Anti-Saloon League circles, doubts that Senator Sheppard's amendment is constitutional and "I fear that the introduction of the amendment at the present time is untimely and unfortunate." Dr. Barton goes on to imply that the purchaser of liquor is in the same piteous category as the deluded purchaser of drugs—a very touching picture which, however, does not fit many of the purchasers we have observed. Meanwhile Senator Sheppard has only one body of solid opinion behind him—the Wets! The whole incident is typical of prohibition as it is practiced in this country. The Drys, who consider the prohibition law a moral blessing, will not risk losing it by making it stronger. The Wets are not averse to the law against purchasers because they feel certain that it would be unenforceable and would bring about the complete collapse of prohibition. But neither side is really concerned with the only question which can be pertinent in a democracy: Do the people of the United States want prohibition or not?

IT IS A CRIME to praise the United States—in Hungary. This has been the sad discovery of one Johann Hodovan, an Hungarian peasant who returned to his native land after some years in the United States too enthusiastic about the latter for his own good. He was indiscreet enough to declare that America was a better world than Hungary for there the workingman was honored and not terrorized.. The result was his prompt arrest and prosecution. A witness testified in court that Hodovan constantly stated that in America the workingman was valued and that, "as in America communism controlled, this was equivalent to praising communism"! The court in Budapest agreed with the witness that the United States is communistic and Hodovan is in prison for a year.

EDWIN E. SLOSSON, director of Science Service, who died at Washington on October 15, was one of the few American scientists of assured competence who have chosen to devote themselves to popularizing knowledge rather than to adding to its sum. His special field was chemistry, and while for a number of years other interests claimed him—he was for seventeen years the literary editor of the *Independent* and for eight years of that time a member of the faculty of the School of Journalism in Columbia University—it is as a writer on chemistry that he is most widely and favorably known. His "Creative Chemistry," published in 1919, remains the most successful attempt yet made to explain to non-technical readers the nature and methods of modern chemistry, and his "Easy Lessons in Einstein" is a remarkable piece of popularization. It was to Dr. Slosson's credit that he recognized, far more than many of his scientific associates, the wide gulf between popular knowledge and the theories and accomplishments of modern science, and the dependence of scientific research upon intelligent public support. His efforts alone could not bridge that gulf completely, as the vast intellectual wastes of American society still show, but what he did he did well and to the enlightenment of thousands who read eagerly his books and other writings.

IT WAS AN INTERESTING and picturesque celebration of the jubilee of the incandescent light that Mr. Ford and his associates put on at Dearborn. From all over the world Mr. Edison received congratulations, well deserved irrespective of all question of his personal credit for the original invention of this particular device. He voiced his appreciation in a happily worded acknowledgment heard all over the country. The marvel of it is that practically the entire development of electric lighting, with the yet greater wonders of the radio, has occurred within the brief space of half a century. Mr. Edison has done as much as any living man to improve the external conditions of living for us all, and the entire country, including the President of the United States, fittingly does him honor. A few days earlier a little group of scholars met quietly to honor, in the person of John Dewey, a man who has made over our thinking. It is an interesting example of our comparative valuation of material and intellectual things.

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The Root of Our Lawlessness

THE appointment of Zechariah Chafee of the Harvard Law School and of Walter H. Pollak of the New York Bar to assist President Hoover's Law Enforcement Commission by a study of official lawlessness is the most important and encouraging step yet taken by the commission. More than anything else it gives hope that something besides a voluminous statistical report will come out of its activities. This is not only because of the high character and unusual competence of Messrs. Chafee and Pollak —it would be hard to pick others with superior experience, ability, and public vision—but because this phase of the inquiry leads directly to what in our opinion is the root of the whole evil. If America is the most lawless of the nations pretending to civilization and good order, it is in our judgment largely so because of official lawlessness; because our officials deem themselves superior to our laws and authorized to suspend or ignore them as they see fit.

The magnitude of this evil can be measured by the simple fact that it extends from the President of the United States down; that it applies not only to statutes but to the Constitution itself. President Wilson, President Harding, President Coolidge, and President Hoover, like their predecessors, took what each had declared to be the most solemn of oaths to preserve, protect, and defend the American Constitution, only to ignore the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. Harding, Coolidge, and Hoover have all three deliberately defied the Congress and its Merchant Marine Act of 1920 by which the Executive was ordered to give notice of the termination of articles or provisions in commercial agreements with other nations. Mr. Harding signed the bill which made this the law and then refused to obey it. All down the line of officialdom, we find this same disorganizing and demoralizing notion that the executive official is vested with the power to decide which laws shall be enforced and which not; against which violators proceedings shall be begun and whose offenses shall be shielded or ignored. At the very bottom we find the traffic policeman who grants immunity to a speeder because he is a politician, or a man of prominence, or somebody with a pull.

We are aware, of course, that official failure to enforce a law differs from actual official criminality. But in both cases the average American official assumes that his official position renders him superior to the law. It is his duty to enforce it by making others obey it; but it is not, he thinks, binding upon him and, especially if he is a police officer, he deems himself justified in resorting to any methods whatever to achieve his purpose, as, for example, in the detection of crime. It never occurs to him that the best possible way for an official to encourage respect for law is to obey the law himself. Right here lies the difference between the American and the British official. The latter not only obeys the laws, he is careful not to transgress the rights of even the most dastardly of criminals. The mere suspicion that the London police were resorting to the "third-degree" torture or intimidation of prisoners was one of the two causes for the recent public inquiry into that force. In New York nobody in official life rebuked Grover Whalen for his speech upholding, as police commissioner, the "third degree" daily practiced in the police stations of all American cities.

Let us remind our readers of a few of the innumerable cases of official lawlessness. In Seattle there have been published the confessions of the chief of police for the years 1922-1926. One of the torture devices he used was an electrically wired carpet covering the entire floor of a cell. When the current is turned on, he said, "sparks fly and the prisoner leaps, screaming in agony, into the air. . . . It is not fatal, its effects are not lasting, and it leaves no marks." The rubber hose to beat prisoners he used, as does practically every other police chief in the country. In Wichita recently the lawlessness of the police became so serious that thirty-seven of the leading lawyers organized to "de-Russianize the police." In every city there are entries into private premises and arrests without warrant which are directly contrary to law. The conviction in New Jersey of a lieutenant and a trooper in the State Police for the murder of a woman and the shooting of her brother when they were making an arrest should have a salutary effect.

Lawless, too, are officials like the Mayor of Wilkes-Barre in ruling that no public meeting can be held in that city without the sanction of the American Legion; the chiefs of police of Philadelphia, Newark, Boston, and innumerable other cities, who have set themselves above the Constitution of the United States in order to forbid meetings of those whom they do not like. They either have not read the Constitution or, as in many cases, they openly declare their defiance of it. A distinguished American, long a student of crime prevention, has just returned from a Western trip. In a large city, he states, the heads of the police "told me enough about their own activities to have hanged every one of them." They had no trouble with gangs, they asserted, because they had many excellent marksmen on the force. When they wished to get rid of dangerous characters—they got rid of them! They had, of course, no idea that they were a far more dangerous menace to their city and their country than the gangsters they so often murder. This connection of the police with gang murders is in itself a subject well worth the study of President Hoover's commission. Seven gangsters were deliberately murdered in one room in Chicago last February. A police car was seen near the scene. An official openly charged the crime to the police. He was discredited and given another post elsewhere. Not one of the murderers has ever been arrested.

The simple fact is that not in France or Germany or England or Russia or the Scandinavian countries is any such official lawlessness to be found as in America, and nowhere but in America is there so much crime. In no other country are the masses so convinced that laws are made to favor the rich, the powerful, the official world, the politicians. Nowhere else except in certain reactionary despotisms like those of Venezuela, Rumania, Hungary is there such official use of torture to obtain confessions. We repeat, here is the root of our crime waves. If the Hoover commission brings this fact home to the American people it will have justified its existence.

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Lobbying Good and Bad

DURING the very first week of its investigations, the Senate lobby committee dug up facts enough to damn the American tariff system beyond hope of salvation in the minds of honest and reflective men. It is not that lobbying is bad in itself. Despite the invidious significance that we attach to the word, lobbying honestly carried on for proper ends is an important and valuable part of government. Legislators do not learn the wants and needs of the people by direct revelation. One of the best ways of informing them is by the give and take of personal contact which is the basis of lobbying. What we need is not less lobbying, but better lobbying. Washington ought to be full of lobbies, only they ought to represent genuine public interests, not mere private and personal ones, and they ought to do their work honestly and openly.

As far as lobbies are of this character, whether or not we agree with their purposes, we hold them to be an essential part of the governmental process if government is not to be carried on in a vacuum. The National Association of Manufacturers, with whom we rarely agree, maintains an active and skilful lobby many of whose activities have been utterly reprehensible. In so far as their representative, however, presents forcibly the point of view of the conservative hard-boiled group for whom he speaks, and brings honest pressure to bear in getting that point of view embodied in legislation, the lobby is legitimate—provided it works in the open. But the manufacturers have done plenty of work in the dark; we recall, among other instances, the famous Mulhall revelations of 1913; and we hold many of the ends sought to be socially injurious and even dangerous. By way of comparison, take the National Council for the Prevention of War, with whose aims we generally do agree. By every means in its power, and with all the funds it can raise, this lobby seeks to make effective in Washington the large body of opinion that exists throughout the country in opposition to the settlement of international disputes by arms. As far as we know, its methods are unexceptionable, and we believe its activities to be of the greatest value. A lobby like this courts publicity; for the better it is known, the more effective does its work become.

We do not object to lobbying, then, but to lobbying for wrong—that is, private—ends, and by wrong—especially secret—methods. Here lies the gravamen of our charge against the protective system, as once more brought out in the current investigation. It has done more, we believe, than any other single influence to debauch American government. For it has taught American business men, during a period of more than a century, that government action is a legitimate means of private profit, and that in tariff-making secret and private understandings are likely to be more effective for private gain than arrangements openly arrived at in the light of day. The lobby committee has simply been giving us a glimpse at what is going on all the time. The sin of Senator Bingham, from this protectionist point of view, lay not in what he did but in the stupidity with which he did it, thus giving away the whole game. From that point of view, private gain is a legitimate end of lobbying, and secrecy, in consequence, is a legitimate means.

What then is to be done about it? What ought to come out of the lobby investigation? First of all, the smashing defeat of this iniquitous tariff bill, and the teaching of a lesson in elementary public decency to the Smoots and the Reeds and the Binghams and all the army of secret lobbyists behind them, and the business men behind the lobbyists. We speak out of no hostility to business and business men, but out of intense hostility to the debauching of public opinion, to dishonesty, to secrecy in public affairs, to private plunder at public expense. It is out of such hostility that we demand the defeat of this bill, a defeat which is brought more nearly within the range of probability with every fresh revelation of the methods by which the bill was prepared. And following the defeat of the tariff bill, it may be reasonable to hope for a toning up of public opinion concerning other matters in which the secret lobbyists and their outside partners, the publicity men, got in their deadly work almost unchecked during the sodden Harding-Coolidge era—the work of the power companies, the shipbuilders with their Shearers, the army and navy crowd with their endless connections, the imperialists with their seductive gospel of greatness. The kind of lobbying that has lately been held up for us to view is not a disease, but a symptom. By all means let us bring lobbying under better control, if we can, especially by bringing it into the open, but let us not imagine that such control will be any substitute for a sound, alert, informed public opinion which regards public office as a public trust and resents every effort to use public power to fill the private purse. Only in such opinion is there any guaranty against the disease that breaks out into Shearer-Burgess-Bingham incidents.

The Fires of Hell

"CONGRESS shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof," says the First Amendment to our federal Constitution; but the States were left free to set up such religious qualifications as they desired. The discovery that in North Carolina a witness may be impeached because he or she lacks an old-fashioned belief in an avenging Deity reveals that church and state are not yet divorced in America. New York State had a similar provision in its State constitution until 1846; Arkansas in 1929 still has a constitutional provision which bars an atheist from the witness-stand.

Religious liberty is, and always has been, one of our most precious theoretical possessions, but we do not all mean the same thing by the term. When the American Union was formed, only Rhode Island and Virginia granted full and complete religious liberty by law. In several of the thirteen colonies, state churches still existed; four colonies required assent to the divine inspiration of the Bible; two demanded a belief in Heaven and Hell; two emphasized belief in one eternal God; one required assent to the doctrine of the Trinity; and six insisted upon Protestantism. New York still barred both Jews and Catholics from voting. Until 1828 no Jew could serve on a jury in Maryland.

Of course there was more excuse for clinging to re-

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ligion in the courtroom than elsewhere. The solemn oath upon the Bible may still force some to truth who, without the fear of eternal damnation, might be content to lie. Certainly there was a time when it did, despite the perennial argument of those who, like the Quakers, repeat Chrysostom's argument: "For what end wilt thou force him to swear, whom thou believest not that he will speak the truth?" In 1929, even in North Carolina, more sinners probably tell the truth in fear of a suit for perjury than tremble for the fires of hell. And the judges of the State are themselves divided in their interpretation of the 1777 statute—Judge Barnhill, in one Gastonia case, admitted testimony as to religious belief as "impeaching" the witness; Judge Stack, in another Gastonia case, excluded it.

As late as the last decade of the last century New York judges permitted opposing lawyers to discredit a witness by showing that he did not believe in a Supreme (and, by implication, avenging) Being, despite the explicit amendment made to the State constitution in 1846 providing that "no person shall be rendered incompetent to be a witness on account of his opinions in matters of religious belief." The judges were so sure of the importance of religion that they ruled that while an atheist witness might be competent, his infidelism could be introduced as evidence that he was incredible! A sane opinion in the Court of Appeals in 1903 (Brink *v.* Stratton, 176 N. Y., 156) ended that anomaly, we hope forever.

In North Carolina, of course, the prosecution introduced the religious issue purely to arouse prejudice against a witness for the defense. It is difficult to believe that the attorneys who cross-questioned Mrs. Miller really thought that her lack of belief in an avenging deity made her a less reliable witness; but they knew that almost any North Carolina juryman was likely to disapprove of an atheist, and therefore be less likely to believe her. The religious test survives merely as an opportunity of introducing prejudice into a case; it has ceased to act as a safeguard of justice. And this means that in any State where such evidence is still permissible, the atheist or agnostic is denied the equal protection of the law; he stands one rung lower in the face of justice than the churchgoer or the professed believer. Indeed, if Judge Barnhill's interpretation were to stand, a Unitarian like Chief Justice Taft, who has no belief in hellfire, could be impugned as unworthy of credence.

That is a situation which few of us had realized, however easy it is to explain it historically, and still fewer will be willing to tolerate it. Whatever our opinion of the role of religion in modern life we demand first of all equal justice for all. Those who framed the charter of Georgia in 1732 doubtless thought they were being liberal when they wrote that "there shall be a liberty of conscience allowed in the worship of God, to all persons inhabiting . . . and that all such persons, except papists, shall have a free exercise of religion." In 1732 liberty as between Protestant sects must have seemed generous. By the end of the eighteenth century, when North Carolina's present statute and New York's old constitution were framed, persons "believing in the existence of a Supreme Being who will punish false swearing" were included within the pale. Today we have grown, or should have grown, to complete equality before the law for all men and women, without exception, whatever their doubts or beliefs.

The *Edinburgh Review*

"MODERN readers are not willing to wait a quarter of a year for observations on life, letters, history, and society"—thus is explained the demise of the once famous and extraordinarily influential *Edinburgh Review* after a life of one hundred and twenty-seven years. Conservative until the last, it never again rallied to it so brilliant a staff as marked its birth under the leadership of Sydney Smith, Francis Jeffrey, Francis Horner, and Henry Brougham. Seven hundred and fifty copies were printed of their first number. It would not be too much to say that the *Edinburgh Review* with this issue "fairly created critical book reviewing." This it did by a sharpness of attack, a brilliancy of style and wit which by 1813 had driven its circulation up to 13,000. It struck with a savagery which showed no mercy and little justice to Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Moore, Shelley, and Keats.

Sydney Smith having retired as editor after the first three issues, Francis Jeffrey carried on in that post for a period of twenty-six years, himself contributing some two hundred pungent and effective articles, a record all the more remarkable because Jeffrey during his entire life practiced as a lawyer in the civil and criminal courts where he was known for his eloquence—he was raised to the judicial bench as Lord Jeffrey, after his retirement from the *Review*. Naturally, Jeffrey's success with the *Review* was speedily imitated. It was followed by the *Quarterly Review* in 1809 and *Blackwood's* in 1817. Distinguished as both were, neither of these, however, exerted as great an influence as the *Edinburgh*. That review did not turn to politics until 1808, but then, as we pointed out on the occasion of its widely noted centennial in 1902, it at once raised political discussion from the level of libelous pamphleteering and vicious personal journalism to serious writing and debate, doing for England what the *Federalist* did for the new American nation and what the protagonists of the French Revolution achieved in that country. Throughout its long career it had a consistency of purpose hardly to be duplicated. Its demise today, it seems to us, is not wholly to be explained by the speed of our times and the desire for prompt reviewing and political comment. So tremendous a political revolution has come to pass since it first championed Whiggism in politics that it is obvious a revolution within itself was called for if it was to survive. The political times have changed as well as the pace of our civilization.

Of its long list of distinguished contributors, three especially stand forth—Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle, and Lord Macaulay. They and their less-noted associates assumed an intelligent and cultivated audience and wrote for none other. In a day of all too facile criticism this is to be remembered with gratitude. It is easy to look back and show in how many cases, especially in connection with the romantic school, time has failed to sustain the famous *Review's* positions. Its editors from Jeffrey down were, however, men who wrote with absolute fearlessness, with an intense determination to develop an unrivaled intellectual life in England. For this they deserve to be and will be remembered as long as the history of literary and political journalism is recorded.

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It Seems to Heywood Broun

I WAS, perhaps, precipitate in suggesting that it was the Irish Catholic element rather than the Puritan strain which lay behind the censorship in Boston. After all, a Nichols banned "Strange Interlude" and a MacGrath gave it a hearing in suburban Quincy. But mostly I am moved to recant by the fact that Judge Robert Grant, of Sacco-Vanzetti fame, has come to the defense of Boston's blue laws. In a letter to the Boston *Herald* Judge Grant upholds the ruling of the local authorities. Indeed, the venerable jurist bares his frosty head in enthusiasm over the lynching of American literature. "I take off my hat to Mayor Nichols for his courageous verdict," writes the old gentleman who could find no innocence in shoemakers and fish peddlers.

Yet Judge Grant expresses a passionate devotion to the art of Eugene O'Neill. "He is," says Robert Grant, "an important literary artist, fearless and dynamic. I admire much of his art and some of its dramatic consequences." But in the present instance the old judge is able to dissemble his admiration. Evidently there are certain Grant-given limits beyond which fearlessness should not proceed in Boston. The judge himself is familiar with "Strange Interlude," and he comments on "the basic muddiness of this plot." To his mind it portrays nothing but "sexual vagaries spun out to the dimensions of a disagreeable surgical operation." It is surprising to find Judge Grant so squeamish about a little blood-letting.

Indeed the whole train of reasoning of this particular legal mind is difficult to follow. For instance, the venerable jurist begins with the slashing statement: "I do not believe in literary censorship." Yet there are modifications which weasel most of the meat from this staunch stand. A little later on we learn that "Boston is entitled to its own opinion even against the world." Again we hear that "the right to discuss social problems freely is a safeguard to liberty." Still, this free discussion must be carried on according to rules established by Robert Grant; for "this challenge by Mayor Nichols to the complacency of the band of untrammeled but self-advertising young men and women who tell us what to read and why, will show at least that our majority, however bourgeois, still purposes to keep sewers under cover." It is, seemingly, a grave offense to tell people what they should read but an act of courageous civic rectitude to inform them what they may not.

Judge Grant identifies himself as a "Brahmin and a Unitarian," and although he disliked "Strange Interlude" there is no confessional material that he was harmed by his contact with this long play of "an important literary artist." The venerable jurist, like other censors, is speaking generously for the protection of others. Brahmins may uncover sewers to their heart's content but of course they must be exclusive sewers.

Again, one may be permitted a little puzzlement at Robert Grant's irritation concerning "the young intelligentsia." He rails against "a too smart world." Some sea change has evidently swept over the face of Boston; for time was when that city did not think of intelligence as a reproach. Judge Grant is all for the honest burghers, stupid and stubborn though they may be. In fact, he admits that possibility. "If in this instance Boston makes herself ridiculous by her ban so much the better," writes the condescending Brahmin. And then he adds: "It was Boston who threw the tea chests overboard a century and a half ago."

Unless Robert Grant is competing for the national *non sequitur* trophy it is extremely difficult to see what analogy he finds between an act of tyrannical official censorship and a revolt against constituted authorities. The men who tossed the tea into the harbor were taking direct action against existing conditions. Surely Judge Grant can hardly mean to suggest that our revolutionary ancestors were men committed to a fearless fight for the preservation of conservatism.

To find the true explanation for the curious hodge-podge dished out by Robert Grant one must go behind the immediate subject. It is not irrelevant for me to bring the names of Sacco and Vanzetti into a discussion of the ban on "Strange Interlude." Quite evidently the mind of the elderly Brahmin wanders away to other matters. This is not the first time that Boston has attempted to justify itself in standing out against the opinion of the world. To use a phrase not unknown to Judge Grant, he seems to be suffering from "a consciousness of guilt."

I place in evidence the following portion of his letter to the Boston *Herald:* "Were Broun Heywood, Sinclair Upton, and Edna Millay St. John (I throw a mantle of obscurity around these names) to parade down Fifth Avenue stark naked in midsummer, just to be cool and comfortable, this would be natural as Adam and Eve. One has only to open the current *Geographic Magazine* to see that the natives of primeval Paqua do so still. But if in case some successor of Anthony Comstock should invoke an obscure Victorian law that landed them in jail, Boston would be able to answer: 'At last. Even sex appeal in the name of liberty has its proper reserves.'" And with a final gesture of authority calculated to crush all dissenters Robert Grant finishes with: "As a member of the American Academy of Arts and Letters, I think it is time to call a halt."

Here the foot of the old Brahmin slipped a little. Even his best friends could tell him that a man of breeding is not supposed to parade in public his club affiliations. And of course there is no "St. John" in the name of Edna St. Vincent Millay. The venerable Unitarian has forgotten a little of what went on in those critical days of the great trial. He wishes he could forget much more. The three persons whose names are so cleverly inverted by the ancient Academician were all active in protest against the execution of Sacco-Vanzetti and the report of the Lowell Committee. Their connection with the ban on the O'Neill play has been of the slightest. It was the killing of two innocent men which put Boston into a panic. Not yet has the city recovered its nerve and hence the erratic clamp of censorship.

The March of the nudes down Fifth Avenue is an engaging Freudian dream but it seems to me that all three might stand naked before the world with less shame than that which clings to Robert Grant fully clad in woolens and an overcoat.

HEYWOOD BROUN

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The United States of Europe

By JOHN A. HOBSON

London, October 10

THE Pan-Europa campaign conducted for the past ten years by Count Koudenhove-Calergi cannot be said to have made any deep impression upon practical politicians. But the conversion of so powerful and experienced a statesman as M. Briand gives the proposal a new status, and the instruction to a committee to report upon it to the next Assembly compels "good Europeans" to a closer consideration of its worth.

There is one preliminary difficulty that confronts us, namely, the scope of the Europe whose union is envisaged. It does not seem to include that large tract of Russia which comes within the geographical area of Europe. For, apart from all other difficulties, the detachment of her vast Asiatic territories would be wholly impracticable. A similar difficulty appears to exclude Great Britain. The larger unity of her empire bars her participation. To some extent this same consideration is applicable to France, Holland, Italy, Belgium, and Portugal, as countries possessing colonies outside the European area.

If it be held that the Union of Europe that is desiderated would exclude these external possessions, one can only reply that such a ruling renders impossible any effective economic or fiscal unity, such as by common admission forms the core of reality in any European federation hitherto conceived. If, on the other hand, external colonies, dominions, protectorates, and mandates are to be counted in, the term United States of Europe would seem a wholly inappropriate designation for a union spreading over every continent and covering far more territory outside than inside Europe.

It seems more reasonable to expect that M. Briand and his supporters contemplate a federation comprising all European members of the League (with the possible exception of Great Britain) and that they are looking primarily to improvements of fiscal and other economic arrangements along the lines approved by the World Economic Conference held at Geneva two years ago.

Now it might be an excellent thing if the League of Nations could proceed to the achievement of a Federation of the World by means of such continental unions as a Pan-European, a Pan-American, and a Pan-Asiatic. But is there any reasonable ground for holding that any centripetal force of political or economic unity is available for such an achievement? Or, turning to one particular problem, is there any body of common sentiment or interest based upon local proximity and membership of the same continent that seems in the least adequate to break down the political and economic, the linguistic and cultural barriers, which hitherto have divided European nations, and to convert them from sovereign independent nations into members of a European political federation, with a Zollverein and other common policies determined by a federal parliament? For that is what a United States of Europe ought to mean.

Nations that are still squandering a large share of their diminished resources on armed preparations, owing to mistrust of their neighbors, and are scheming in disarmament conferences to reduce their neighbors' forces more than their own, nations that can continue to "reserve" from arbitral or judicial settlement most of the issues likely to breed dangerous conflicts, are still very far from the state of mind required to give validity to any scheme deserving the name of United States of Europe.

It is natural enough that the Great War should have increased this spiritual disunion and have led to governmental measures expressive of fear, distrust, and jealousy. The most injurious of these measures are the obstacles to free serviceable intercourse, personal and commercial, between members of the different nations, and the attempts of each nation to achieve national self-sufficiency of economic life. The report of the 1927 Conference expresses itself upon this matter with uncompromising severity.

It is estimated that the establishment of new nationalities since 1913 has added more than 11,000 kilometers of customs frontiers, while the tariff walls in most instances are far higher than before the war. Tariffs are also more complex and subject to more frequent changes.

It is probable that the recognition of this increased hampering of commercial relations forms the main incentive for the promoters of a United States of Europe. The waste, folly, and ill-feeling which result from this parade of economic independence have impressed themselves upon millions of minds not susceptible to any appeal of free-trade theories.

So far as the United States of Europe is envisaged as a distinctively economic proposal, it must be endowed with two functions—one a liberative one, the removal of barriers to free commercial intercourse, the other some ordered international control over those great non-competitive enterprises which claim to apportion the European markets not by national limits but by profiteering considerations.

If history could be wiped out, national fears and animosities ignored, racial, linguistic, cultural, and religious differences disregarded, and some economic super-Mussolini given a free hand to put Europe on a really business footing, employing the best commercial brains and methods, the natural and human resources of Europe might achieve a productivity which, properly apportioned, could raise the national standard of life for the population up to at least as high a level as that of America.

Though M. Briand, as an experienced statesman, can hardly hold this as an early practicable achievement, his mind must be moving in this direction. Better cooperation must be achieved between the peoples of Europe. Certain definite reforms in tariffs were proposed by the 1927 Conference, including improvements in classification and nomenclature, a lowering of rates, measures for publicity and better information in all matters of industry and commerce. There was surprising unanimity among the attendants at this conference, and it may be said that the business men throughout Europe, excepting those who are directly interested in high protection, were solid for a lowering of national barriers and a liberation of markets.

But there still remain two questions. How far can this

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be a distinctively European movement? Should Europe seriously endeavor to make of itself a self-sufficing economic area? That Central Europe suffers more than any other region from a tangle of economic policies which are extremely injurious may at once be granted. The interests of certain of these countries, Germany, Austria, and Czecho-Slovakia in particular, strongly incline toward free trade, and it may be said that Holland and Belgium and the Scandinavian countries might easily be brought to cooperate with them in a genuine free-trade policy. But can it be pretended that France and Italy, not to mention Spain and Poland, could be brought into accord with this more enlightened commercial policy?

Indeed, regarding the issue from the plain practical standpoint, the economic interdependence of European countries cannot be said to be so close, or so sufficient, as to warrant any common policy which would weaken their trade relations with the outside world. Mere contiguity counts less and less for purposes of personal and commercial intercourse, sea-barriers are less substantial than land, while air-traffic cancels all barriers. The dependence of Europe upon the resources of all other parts of the habitable globe must constantly increase, and any attempt to organize European resources must recognize this obvious truth. The degree of geographical unity which Europe enjoys has no more commercial significance than have the political barriers that divide the nations. No separate effective economic organization of Europe is either practicable or desirable. Europe must always depend upon tropical and many other outside raw materials and foodstuffs for the maintenance of its life and industry. If, as is sometimes suggested, the secret motive of a European economic federation is hostility to the financial hegemony of the United States, this is a blind and foolish urge. Why should Europe refuse to avail herself of the advantages of American capital? Europe receives it because it is either cheaper or more abundant than capital furnished from her own resources; its fructification in the enlarged output of European wealth is evidently more advantageous to us than to America, and most of such payment as America can claim is left in Europe to mature in further wealth-production.

I have taken it for granted that the underlying motif of this movement is economic, but, if there were any real intention of organizing the economic life of Europe on a single cooperative basis, the question of some political instrument, related or unrelated to the League of Nations, would necessarily arise. Indeed, the substance of a United States of Europe would seem to menace the very existence of a league in whose composition and functions Europe as a separate area finds no recognition. A federal government for Europe which should possess any real power of securing and administering a common policy for Europe, even though that policy were restricted to certain well-defined economic purposes, would immediately encounter difficulties far greater than any yet encountered by the League of Nations. Let us assume, for instance, that a Zollverein of European nations, with a common tariff upon the importation of certain sorts of non-European goods, were contemplated. Such a plan, to be effective, would in the first instance involve a more real surrender of effective sovereignty than the League of Nations has yet attempted to obtain from any of its members. To expect European states with protective tariffs adjusted to their several conceptions of their commercial, industrial, and financial interests to throw these interests into a common pool in order to promote some "unity of Europe," an idea as novel in conception as it is destitute of emotional appeal to each nation, seems opposed to all experience.

From the purely economic standpoint of productivity and commerce, such a union, regarded from an interior standpoint, might seem highly desirable. But can it seriously be held that high-tariff countries like Spain, Italy, and France, raising the great bulk of their public revenues by carefully calculated tariffs, would consent to a lowering of duties that would expose their markets to the imports from a neighboring country which their tariff was expressly designed to exclude, or that low-tariff countries like Holland and Scandinavia would agree to a reversal of a policy based so largely on the importance of their sea-borne non-European trade?

It is, indeed, both possible and desirable that European neighbors might, by careful conference, be brought to recognize the advantages of a policy of lower tariffs, greater stability of commercial relations with one another, and some concerted methods of trade classification, measurement, and information. But that they could be induced to enter an effective European Zollverein is hardly credible. Even were any such plan feasible, its internal advantages must be offset by the dangers of presenting a common and an apparently hostile front to the non-European world, and in particular to the greatest Power, the United States of America.

Finally, it seems certain that any structure which could plausibly claim the title United States of Europe must claim functions that are not distinctively economic, and require some instrument of government that would figure in the general politics of the world. In a word, a new political creature, of large size and undefined behavior, would have come into existence at the critical era when a League of Nations, regardless of continents, was still struggling to establish the beginnings of a pacific world-government. It may be urged, of course, that the wider task is not only consistent with, but is actually facilitated by all these more limited cooperations. But many friends of the League of Nations not unnaturally look askance at the political and military alliances of such groups as obstructive to the wider pacific and cooperative tasks for which the League exists. The formation of the whole European continent into such a group would almost inevitably constitute a challenge to Geneva, even if it kept the form and the pretense of a grouping of League members to further the purposes of the League.

In short, whether envisaged as an economic or a political instrument, such a federation seems either impracticable or, if practicable, dangerous. If, as the name suggests, a Europe constituted on the lines of the American Union is contemplated, it is quite chimerical. If, again, it took slighter shape in some distinctively fiscal organization for internal cooperation in industry and commerce, it would be a stumbling-block to the genuine progress of free trade and cooperation in the entire world, and might easily provoke reprisals in other countries excluded from their former European markets. In a word, a union in which two great European countries, Russia and Britain, were not participants, while another country in intimate cultural, economic, and political relations with the Western European nations, the United States of America, was excluded, cannot be deemed to have a footing in the world of political realities.

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Lobbies for Loot

By RUBY A. BLACK

Washington, October 17

WASHINGTON'S biggest racket comes under Senatorial investigation at the time when Washington's biggest loot is being allotted. What is more significant, the Senatorial committee investigating lobbies, beginning with the tariff lobby, is controlled by the Democratic-Progressive coalition with three of the most persistent questioners of the Senate among its membership. They are all lawyers, of course, being members of the Senate Committee on the Judiciary, and are very stubborn in demanding that witnesses "answer yes or no." That is particularly embarrassing to lobbyists, quite aside from the capacity of Senators Caraway, Walsh of Montana, and Blaine to frame questions full of dynamite.

Every member of the investigating sub-committee of the Judiciary Committee, excepting only Senator Arthur R. Robinson of Indiana, has long been vocal in denouncing lobbies. Indeed, one suspects Senator Norris, chairman of the Judiciary Committee, of a sardonic humor tinged with malice in placing Senator Robinson on the sub-committee along with such contrary minds and souls as those of Caraway, Blaine, Borah, and Walsh. Yet this lone representative of the Administration asked Senator Hiram Bingham of Connecticut one of the most embarrassing questions propounded to this supremely recalcitrant witness.

Senator Norris, however, cannot be accused of prejudice in selecting a committee averse to lobbies and opposed to the pending tariff bill. For the committee is actually representative of the Senate. It is a coalition committee investigating for a coalition-controlled Senate which has defeated the Old Guard on almost every important phase of the tariff bill so far, from flexibility to literary censorship by customs officials.

Senator T. H. Caraway of Arkansas, heading the committee, is trying to the dignity of the lobbyists. Senator John J. Blaine of Wisconsin is trying to their patience, for he stubbornly asks the same question over and over again until at last he elicits a direct answer. This technique may bore the witness and the audience, which consists largely of lobbyists whose time is yet to come, but it "gets the record clear." Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana digs away with his questions, in the same thorough and methodical way in which he conducted the oil-scandals investigation. Senator William E. Borah of Idaho has been absent from the hearings up to this writing. Senator Robinson remains silent most of the time, but occasionally seeks to bring out the "administration angle." There was one notable exception when he asked Senator Bingham if he did not regard it as falsifying the records of the Senate disbursing office to have a paid representative of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association draw a salary as clerk of the Senate Committee on Territories and Insular Possessions and turn over the unopened pay envelope to the regular clerk, the latter having obligingly resigned in order to make it possible for the committee chairman, Senator Bingham, to get the lobbyist into the secret tariff sessions.

The first three days of the hearings showed various ways in which interested industries have sought to grab their share of the loot. The first day uncovered a sorry story of the debauching of the United States Tariff Commission by the pottery industry, whose Washington representative was lobbyist one day and tariff commissioner the next.

At that hearing the public learned of one tariff expert, Carl Langenbeck, who was requested to resign from the commission staff after having disagreed with a member of the commission, himself interested in the pottery industry, on facts and theories of tariff protection for pottery products; and of another pottery expert, Frederick L. Koch, whose discharge was sought by pottery interests because they disliked his recent reports to the Senate Finance Committee. The public learned, too, of a former tariff commissioner, William Burgess, who lobbied for pottery tariffs before and after his term on the commission, and who has, for pay, "observed" tariff-making in Congress on every tariff bill since 1894.

As an immediate result of the first revelation of the investigating committee, the Senate adopted an amendment to the tariff bill, proposed by Senator William H. King of Utah, providing a penalty of $1,000 fine or one year's imprisonment, or both, upon any person, corporation, association, or other organization that attempts to interfere with or influence the work of the Tariff Commission or any member of its staff.

On the second day the public learned that one organization alone of the several interested in the sugar tariff has spent approximately a half million dollars on its Washington office since the 1922 tariff bill was enacted. That does not include the activities of other organizations supporting the sugar duties or the several organizations opposing it, which also maintain bureaus in Washington.

On the third day the public learned more of the arrangement by which the $10,000-a-year assistant to the president of the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association taught Senator Bingham the tariff needs of Connecticut industries, got on the Senate pay-roll, and sat in secret sessions of the Republican members of the Senate Finance Committee, while his salary and Washington living expenses continued to be paid by the Connecticut Manufacturers' Association. This lucky lobbyist, C. L. Eyanson, kept none of the money paid him by the Senate for his theoretical work as clerk to the Committee on Territories and Insular Possessions, and he has not cashed the personal check for $1,000 which Senator Bingham sent him, without even a note of explanation, after his services had terminated as a result of objections lodged by members of the Finance Committee. Senator Bingham's curiously obtuse sensibilities did not permit him to see that Mr. Eyanson's non-acceptance of the government pay for which he signed made no real difference in the propriety of the situation.

Senator Walsh later detailed the tariff increases granted in the bill for the fifty-two leading industries of Connecticut. The duties on forty-four of these products were raised, seven were left unchanged, and one was reduced. He estimated

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that the results would bring some $70,000,000 to Connecticut industries.

All this helps inform the public as to how tariff bills are made. Everybody knows that lobbyists try to influence the votes of Senators and Congressmen, and try to defeat those whom they cannot influence. The same interests have sought to control the views and actions of theoretically impartial experts in federal boards and commissions established to find facts.

The investigating committee is not to be bullied by witnesses, thus distinguishing itself from the Shearer committee. When Mr. Burgess objected to telling how much pay he gets for "observing" tariff-making, Senator Caraway promptly asked, "Do you decline to answer?" and hinted at the possible consequences of refusal. Mr. Burgess then told that he gets $7,500 a year from the United States Pottery Association, $2,400 a year from the Association of Wool Manufacturers, $1,800 a year from the National Electrical Manufacturers' Association, and more from velveteen manufacturers, tile manufacturers, and greeting-card makers.

The proverbial Senatorial courtesy, also, was discarded by the committee and by the witness alike when Senator Bingham was being cross-examined. The committee could not keep Senator Bingham from making righteous speeches in response to every question, but they did eventually succeed, after much prodding and some harsh words on both sides, in making him give direct answers, which usually came in a tone quite unlike the customary suave and dignified voice of "the tall sycamore from Connecticut."

Senator Bingham resented cross-examination, found it annoying, and said so. The committee objected to his evasions, and several times insisted with spirit that he suppress his speech-making and give direct answers.

If the committee is no more lenient with lobbyists than it has been with the former tariff commissioner and the Senator from Connecticut, its investigations should prove highly instructive. H. A. Austin of the United States Beet Sugar Association defined four classes of lobbyists for the committee: individuals who have a direct personal interest in measures before Congress; organized trade associations; "professional lobbyists" who take any side of anything for a retainer; and "parasitical lobbyists" who falsely represent themselves to anybody they can "rob" as being in a position to "slap every Senator on the back and call him by his first name" and thus influence legislation. If the committee examines all these groups, it has a stupendous task before it.

That task is only begun with the big job of uncovering the tariff lobby. There are the prohibition lobby and the anti-prohibition lobby; the farm lobby—Senator Blaine heatedly denied in one hearing that "Washington racketeers represent the farmers of the United States"; the power lobby, some of whose methods have been revealed by the Federal Trade Commission's admirable inquiry into power-trust propaganda; the big-navy lobby, slightly touched in the Shearer investigation; the inheritance-tax lobby, the guiding genius of which is now part of the tariff lobby; the veterans' lobby, which so effectively cajoled and threatened members of Congress in connection with the Tyson-Fitzgerald bill retiring emergency officers at their war-time rank with retirement pay granted to regular army officers; the peace lobby; and so on down a list which would fill pages. Of course not all the lobbies are mischievous, but dozens of them exist simply for purposes of loot and for nothing else.

Mr. Austin of the beet-sugar lobby deftly slid around Senator Caraway's question, "You think that whoever wants anything at the government's hands has to have a paid representative in Washington to get governmental favors?" but it was clear that he thought just that. With the fearful example of the power propagandists before them, the lobbyists are cautiously avoiding any boasts about the success of their activities, but they face a dilemma in answering Senator Caraway's further question, "Is there any excuse for your being here if your employers could get as much without a paid representative?"

Again the chairman of the investigating committee points out that "every industry that expects to fatten by legislation" establishes its paid "observer," "investigator," or "adviser" in Washington. Of course, none are "lobbyists." They apparently believe that they are not lobbyists unless they buttonhole members of Congress, even though they may persuade constituents of Congressmen to send telegrams and letters and petitions asking the enactment of legislation beneficial to their industry; even though they fill either the waste-baskets or the columns of the newspapers "back home" with their propaganda; even though they get political bosses "back home" to tell the Senators and Representatives how to vote. The lobby of today has its headquarters in Washington, but it operates chiefly from "back home."

But in an investigation of any racket, the important thing is to find the "higher-ups." Mere investigation of the trade associations, the farm organizations, the professional lobbyists in Washington will result in nothing but a change in personnel. The influences, the corporations, the individuals behind these lobbyists must be revealed if lasting benefits are to be derived from the investigation. Certainly, for example, the $70,000 a year spent by the United States Beet Sugar Association does not reveal all the activities of sugar interests during the consideration of the pending tariff bill or during the intrigue that prevented an executive decrease in the sugar duties. Nor will an investigation of the activities of one J. A. Arnold, skilled professional lobbyist, show the whole story of the expensive lobby that sought a repeal of the federal estate tax for several years, paying the expenses of members of State legislatures to Washington, unless all those who contributed to Mr. Arnold's funds are brought to light; or the whole story of the Southern Tariff Association, Mr. Arnold's latest organization, unless the committee learns for certain whether or not Eastern manufacturers have financed this costly effort to convince the South of the value of a protective tariff with the bait of duties on vegetable oils, hides, tomatoes, onions, and mohair. Everybody knows Joseph R. Grundy lobbies for higher tariff duties, but what are his political connections in Pennsylvania? Will it be possible to learn whether any Connecticut manufacturers suggested to Senator Bingham that he borrow one of their representatives and get him into the executive sessions of the Finance Committee members?

These are the jobs which the committee will find most difficult to perform, but which must be performed if the lobby inquiry is to do more than "clean out" the current lobbyists, who will presently be replaced with new men and women doing the same old job with slight variations and new subtleties.

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Prosperity—Believe It or Not
II. New Standards of Living*

By STUART CHASE

"MIDDLETOWN" † is in one of the North East Central States, well within the borders of the prosperous area. It is a city of some 40,000, a brisk manufacturing center surrounded by corn fields. It is not a one-industry town, but makes automobile accessories, glass, and metal products. Native white Americans of native parentage compose 85 per cent of the population.

In 1885 the town was a placid county seat of some 6,000 souls, still retaining much of the simplicity of pioneer days. Industry meant a bagging plant, a clay-tile yard, a feather-duster shop, a planing mill, and a flour mill or two. Middletown consumed perhaps half of all that it produced.

Today, save for the building trades, not 1 per cent of what Middletown makes is locally consumed. The output of its factories departs for the ends of the earth, and the whole world contributes to its supply of food, shelter, and clothing. Out of every 100 people in the city:

43 are gainfully employed—or trying to be.
23 are home-making (housewives and helpers).
19 are in school.
15 are dependents—the very old, the disabled, and the children under six.

The gainfully employed of Middletown engage in more than 400 different occupations. Seventy-one in a hundred belong to the working class and work mainly with their hands; twenty-nine belong to the business class.

Twenty-seven per cent of the working class live in houses valued at $2,500 or less. Such a house the Lynds have graphically described. There are 2,500 of them, out of the 9,200 homes in the town.

> The poorer workingman coming home after his nine and a half hours on the job walks up the frequently unpaved street, turns in at a bare yard littered with a rusty velocipede or worn-out automobile tires, opens a sagging door, and enters the living-room of his house. From the room the whole house is visible—the kitchen with table and floor swarming with flies and often strewn with bread crusts, orange skins, torn papers, and lumps of coal and wood; the bedrooms with soiled, heavy quilts falling off the beds. . . . The whole interior is musty with stale odors of food, clothing, and tobacco. . . . A baby in wet, dirty clothes crawls about the bare floor among odd pieces of furniture.

I would guess that 25 per cent of all American workers—say five million men—are coming home to just such sights and smells, and wet, crawling babies today. "In another very dirty house almost totally without furniture the housewife was at work at an electric washing machine." The fact that a house has an electric washing machine—or a radio, or a Ford—does not mean that it is prosperous. It may only mean that the local washing-machine salesman is an expert at his trade.

Moving up to the 4,000 houses in Middletown valued at $2,500 to $4,500, and inhabited chiefly by skilled workmen and clerks, we find a tidy front yard, coarse lace curtains, a name plate on the door. The living-room is hard and bright, with pink-flowered rug, shiny oak furniture, and a sewing machine in the corner. Almost all the equipment has been bought on the instalment plan.

In the 2,000 houses valued at $4,500 to $7,000 live head bookkeepers, small-store proprietors, school-teachers, and the lower ranks of the business group. It is a battle ground of forced choices—between a hardwood floor or a much-needed rug; music lessons or a Y. M. C. A. camp for the children. The houses are larger but not so shiny as in the last group.

Finally we reach the 600 houses of the upper-business class—valued at $7,500 or more. Everything from the bittersweet in the flower-holder to the mahogany smoking-table by the over-stuffed davenport bespeaks correctness. A sleeping porch is as mandatory as the cocktail shaker. An electric refrigerator purrs from time to time, and the new oil burner thumps. Two palatial bathrooms grace the second floor.

The size of the standard building plot is growing smaller, leaving less room for children to play, less privacy, more noise. Flowers and shrubs must give ground to driveway and garage. "The make of one's car is rivaling the looks of one's place, as evidence of one's belonging."

Furnaces are increasing in number but "most of the working class still live in the base-burner and unheated-bedroom era." All new houses, except the very cheapest, have bathrooms, and in many old houses they are being installed. But in January, 1925, one in four of all the city's dwellings lacked running water and an even higher percentage still used the old-fashioned backyard privy. No less than 99 per cent of the houses in the town are wired for electricity.

So much for Middletown's houses. Is it a picture false to the overwhelming majority of the towns and cities of America? I believe not. Only in the dozen or so great cities does the tremendous growth of apartment houses create a radically different situation. In Megalopolis the lawns, porches, and gardens are not only getting smaller, they have completely disappeared.

At a rough guess, there are about 27,000,000 homes in America. They are now (1928) equipped with:

18,000,000	bathtubs
15,300,000	electric flat irons
6,828,000	vacuum cleaners
5,000,000	washing machines
4,900,000	electric fans
4,540,000	electric toasters
2,600,000	electric heaters
755,000	electric refrigerators
348,000	ironing machines.

* This is the second in a series of seven articles on American Prosperity. The third will appear in the issue of November 13.—EDITOR THE NATION.

† See "Middletown," by Robert S. Lynd and Helen Merrell Lynd. Harcourt, Brace and Company.

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The supersalesmen have still a few days' work ahead of them.

By and large these national figures check with the Middletown close-up. The space in which the average American makes his home grows smaller and mechanical equipment somewhat greater. It is doubtful if his home is as truly comfortable as it was in 1890. But he has running water, a bathtub, electric lights, probably a radio and telephone—which make it a cleaner, better-lighted, more strenuous, and far noisier home.

In this era of house furnaces, heated office buildings, and inclosed automobiles, the importance of clothing as protection for the body is declining. The diary of a leading merchant of Middletown records for May 22, 1891: "Changed my flannels for cotton this morning." May, mind you! Today flannel underwear is as obsolete as the frock coat. The Middletown housewife used to do her morning's work in a shirtwaist with high collar and long sleeves, a wool skirt over a flannel petticoat, over her second-best corset. Today the standard dress for a high-school girl is a brassiere, knickers, knee-length dress, low shoes, and silk stockings; nor does mother, or even grandmother, ask for much more. Men still cover the body modestly from chin to soles, but women are rolling up from below, down from above, and in from the sides. In summer, men wear four times as much clothes by weight as women.

Fewer clothes are being made at home. A dry-goods merchant estimates that he sold five bolts of cloth in 1890 for every bolt that now goes over his counter.

As a result women's clothes cost far more per pound than they did a generation, or even ten years, ago. But the budget has been balanced in part by the decline in yardage. Women demand less cotton, wool, linen—which is a saving. The margin is eaten up by silk, rayon, furs, more processing, variety, color, and style. From 1919 to 1927, rayon consumption increased from nine million to ninety-six million pounds. Aesthetically and hygienically, American women are better dressed, and the cost is not much greater. The effect of the new "siren" fashions remains to be seen.

We come now to the last of the three great human staples—food. Here, too, weight is giving way to variety. Today Middletown, together with the whole country, is buying fresh fruits and vegetables throughout the year. The orange which used to make a Christmas gift for the children's stockings is now a daily necessity. Refrigeration, cold storage, and rapid transportation have all but banished the "winter diet," and with it "spring sickness."

With smaller living space, household gardens are not what they used to be; canned foods have come in by the million cases; baker's bread has worsted the kitchen oven; the delicatessen store has undermined no small part of the housewife's skill. Yet by and large, we eat a better-balanced ration today, to which the decline in sickness and the longer life-span figures in part bear witness.

Mr. Leo Wolman finds that gross calorie intake is declining (energy units), and with it cereal and meat consumption, while fruit, vegetable, and milk consumption is growing. Low-priced staples rich in calories are giving way to high-priced foods poor in calories. The consumption of sugar also is increasing—in spite of the slogans of the American Tobacco Company.

Food costs are creeping up because of more variety, fewer family gardens, longer hauls, bigger terminals, more competitive advertising, and hand-to-mouth buying in small packages.

In brief, the era of prosperity—and also the years immediately before 1922—have brought a better-balanced, more nourishing diet, more variety, more tin cans and dandy little containers, more appetizing service, less home cooking, more restaurant eating, and higher food costs. (While retail prices as a whole have moved but little since 1922, food prices are tending upward.) Finally, as Mr. Wolman points out after his exhaustive studies, it would be a great mistake to conclude that malnutrition has been banished by American prosperity. It still obtains over great areas—particularly in the South—but it is not quite the scourge it used to be.

The first internal-combustion automobile appeared in Middletown in 1900. By 1906 there were probably 200 in the county. At the close of 1923 there were 6,221 passenger cars in the city, or roughly two for every three families. "As, at the turn of the century, business class people began to feel apologetic if they did not have a telephone, so ownership of an automobile has now reached the point of being an accepted essential of normal living."

Homes are mortgaged to buy a car. A local finance company estimates that 75 to 90 per cent are purchased on time payment. Out of twenty-six families without bathroom facilities in the working-class group studied, twenty-one had automobiles. Here we have a new habit cutting in ahead of an older one. To be speedy and dirty is better than to be clean and stationary.

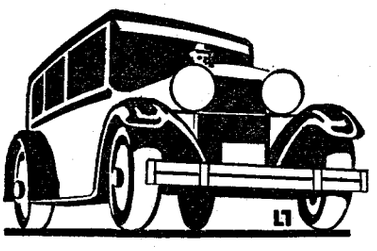
Each year about 4,000,000 new cars come snorting upon the highways of the republic, and 2,000,000 battered veterans seek their last resting place—mainly in ditches beside the highway.

In an urban community in 1928 buyers of passenger cars were classified thus:

	Per cent
Superintendents, foremen, salesmen, clerks.....	30
Laborers, artisans, firemen, motormen.....	29
Manufacturers, merchants, professional people...	27
Housewives and sundry.....	14
	100

Of these cars 61.4 per cent were bought on the instalment plan, and 38.6 per cent for cash.

Not the least of the reverberations of the automobile has been the enormous number of new jobs which it has created; jobs which were non-existent in the economy of 1900. A recent estimate shows nearly four million of them—795,000 in factories making vehicles, tires, and parts, and 2,937,000 indirectly allied, in garages and service stations, on highways, in oilfields, in selling, and insurance. The automobile calls for four million workers for jobs entirely unknown twenty-five years ago.



Do you wonder that I class the motor car as the outstanding Why of prosperity?

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By way of summary and conclusion, it will be well to enumerate again the specific goods, services, and qualities which comprise the new American standard of living. It is not a list which all possess but to which all aspire—or almost all.

SHELTER

More apartment living	Refrigeration
More attractive villas for the business class	Sleeping porches
	Overstuffed furniture
Furnaces and oil heaters	Radios
Plumbing and bathtubs	Phonographs
Electric lights	Telephones
Electric appliances, such as washing machines	Five-foot shelves
	Glittering cocktail services

And smaller space

CLOTHING

More variety	More commercial laundry, pressing and cleaning work
More style changes	
More silk	More cosmetics, fat reducers, and permanent waves
Rayon	
More furs	More colorful vestments for men
More accent on underwear	

And poorer quality

FOOD

More variety with fewer calories	More packaged foods
	More delicatessen shops
More fresh vegetables	More restaurant eating
More fresh fruit	More tea houses
More tin cans	More drug store bars
More quick lunches	More candy and sugar
More attractive service	More bootleg liquor

And less home cooking

SUNDRY

Motor cars	More cigarettes
Moving and talking pictures	More athletic shows
More clubs, including night clubs	More golf
	More traveling—particularly to Florida and California
More high school and college education	More bridge
More correspondence courses	More jazz
More books	More parks, playgrounds and country clubs
More magazines and tabloids	

And more noise and speed

The cardinal point to remember is this: *It is not a matter of adding luxuries and comforts to an adequate supply of the prime essentials, but of forcing in luxuries and alleged comforts at the cost of essentials.* It has been reliably estimated that in 1920 some 80 per cent of American families lived below the budget of health and decency as compiled by the United States Department of Labor, and priced at about $2,000.* Per capita income has increased nearly 20 per cent during the era of prosperity, bringing more families above the modest budget, but leaving the bulk of them still below it. By no stretch of the imagination can the average American be said to be able to buy great quantities of luxuries. No. Twenty per cent would hardly raise him to an adequate supply of the prime essentials.

He has bought an automobile because his heart yearned for it and the instalment system made it possible. Meanwhile a swarm of high-powered salesmen and advertisers have induced him to buy a lot of other things—some because he hungered for them and some because he could not help himself. The instalment system created some six billions of new purchasing power out of thin air. But cash must ultimately be paid, plus 15 per cent interest, on the average. The supersalesmen have shifted the pennies in the consumer's dollar—but it is the same old dollar—plus 20 per cent.

The schedule does not come so far from balancing out—particularly after the six billions of instalment credit is allowed for. We have not so much moved forward as done a side shift, crabwise. Study the changes listed earlier. Do they show progress or decline, or tit for tat? Personally I believe they do show, on the whole, a margin of progress, with ups and downs in individual items. The final appraisal I leave for a later article.

* $1,920.87 in Middletown in 1924.

The Football Hero Rebels

By CLARENCE E. CASON

DURING the past few years those interested in furthering the idea that a football player can get an education at college have cited as unanswerable arguments in their favor the careers of Fred Hovde of Minnesota and Jeff Burrus of Wisconsin. Both these young men were football stars, chairmen of their junior proms, Phi Beta Kappas, and Rhodes Scholars. Was not this proof that an energetic student can play football for three years without injuring his academic and social development? Of these two famous students, Jeff Burrus stands somewhat in the foreground because he was also captain of the crew. I have just learned from Burrus himself the sequel to his glorious college heroism.

One autumn several years ago when Jeff Burrus came towering in upon my class in advanced rhetoric at the University of Wisconsin I was cheerfully glad to see him. It was not that I, as instructor, expected that he would become what we term a good student. But I had known him at the high school in Louisville, where he had borne with unaffected gangling simplicity the football hero's adulation. I knew that, as left end on the football team and captain of the crew at the university, he had become a greater figure in a larger field. So I grasped his tremendous and enveloping hand.

Burrus had already become one of the best box-office names in the arena, one of the best "mats" for the university publicity bureau, a prime embodiment of Alma Mater to the alumni, a name for poolroom betters to conjure with, a figure whose indorsement would mean the bread of life to the college barber or toggery shop, the best date at sorority houses, the best guest at fraternity smokers—in short, the university's best electric sign-board. He had come to the class with Henry Brooks, another Louisville athlete, then captain of the university basket-ball team. Brooks had been in my freshman English class. Perhaps he had intimated to Burrus, his fraternity mate, that I showed a certain warmth for Louisville friends, and that this warmth might take the form of a desirable lenience toward athletes

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who had neither time nor inclination to study. Very well—one soon becomes adjusted to the system. I enrolled Jefferson D. Burrus, with the mental note that he was to be passed in the course provided he handed in assignments bearing his name, remained in the university, and broke no window panes.

But I was utterly wrong about this boy Burrus. When his first assigned essay indicated conspicuous intellectual potentiality, I admired his choice in "ghost" writers; when he spoke of Rousseau and Santayana at our first conference, I thought he had transferred his ability to catch signals into a purposeful cleverness at catching names he thought might be impressive. But this kind of thing continued. He began to lead discussions in class. Especially stimulated by a campus address of Bertrand Russell's, he at length compared Russell's pacifism with that of Tolstoy; brilliantly he rejected both as being somewhat decadent from his point of view. His work, however, was erratic. This, he explained, was owing to the demands of crew training for the race at Poughkeepsie and spring football practice. I told him I didn't see how he did any of his class work. He explained that he studied and wrote late at night, when perhaps he should be sleeping.

In the mid-semester ratings he stood near the top of the class. His native ability might easily have placed him first. At the registrar's office I looked at his record for the first two years. He was on a fair road toward Phi Beta Kappa. That year he was prom chairman, an honor carrying the university's highest social distinction. The crew of which he was captain finished second at Poughkeepsie. His spectacular interception of a forward pass and race down the field tied the game with Minnesota the next fall. He made Phi Beta Kappa.

At the end of his senior year he won the Rhodes Scholarship from Wisconsin—and suffered a nervous breakdown. He spent several three- and four-day periods in the infirmary, determined to recover and lead his crew to Poughkeepsie again. But the crew remained in Madison; Jeff Burrus was out. Burrus was sitting over books in the library, trying to carry thoughts in his head.

I saw Burrus recently at the University Club in Madison. I had been thinking of him as quietly studying law at Oxford University. Had he not embarked for England with every promise of a remarkable career? No, he told me; he had not been at Oxford during the past year. He had been in Idaho recovering. He had suffered another nervous and physical breakdown during his first spring in England. Rest in the Alps had done nothing for him throughout a miserable summer. Doctors said that his heart and nerves were keyed to a dangerous tension as a result of the strain at Wisconsin.

There was not an ounce of bitterness in the attitude of young Burrus. His nine months in Idaho had done him lots of good. He plans to return to Oxford University. At Oxford he is determined to fill the role of Rhodes Scholar with merit; he is determined not only to learn his law but also to fill in the gaps in his general education and intellectual development. I have not the slightest doubt that he will do both with distinction.

But out of his experiences has come the conviction that college athletics used him rather selfishly.

He believes that the exploitation of physically endowed young men—some of whom have intellectual capacities—as if they were game fighting cocks or maddened bulls is something less than one ought to expect at the hands of his Alma Mater. He discovered in his junior year that he possessed a mind as well as powerful muscles and a love of sport. Simultaneously he concluded that modern football was not really an amateur sport at all—that it was from the outside a great show by means of which universities keyed up the loyalty of alumni associations and impressed the general taxpayers; from the inside, a relentless industry which built commodities of various kinds upon the blood and sinew and carefully nourished college spirit of the players.

The rebellion came in his senior year at the university—the year of his first nervous disaster. He wrote a thirty-page pamphlet entitled "The Present Intercollegiate Athletic System" which was published and widely distributed by the Wisconsin Union; then he went to Chicago and laid his attack before the athletic council of the Western Conference. At Chicago his speech startled the Big Ten coaches and the faculty representatives; there was a stir in the newspapers. But a witty and patronizing speech by one of the older coaches, sure of his public, forestalled action and further comment.

Burrus has the notion that fathers of college athletes and the public in general ought to know just how young men with husky frames are utilized as the raw material in a vast industry. His picture tends to show conclusively that a football player has no time or thought to give to anything but football unless he is willing to subject himself to abnormal strain.

A description of the life of the football star admits of either pleasant or unpleasant interpretations. Every item on the schedule might be thought of as part and parcel of a commendable glorification of the American boy—in the same way that Florenz Ziegfeld's glorification of the American girl may be considered admirable. But the glorified girl receives salary checks reputed to be large; she is, so to speak, let in on the game.

Burrus has no objection to the frank industrialization of football, for that seems consonant with the American spirit of today; nor does he object to the practical use of football by universities as a means of impressing their public deeply. Certainly he would be the last to discredit the glorious spectacle of the stadium on a late October afternoon. He would ask, however—and without too much mildness—that the prospective player himself be made aware of the realities of present-day football. Let the boy who wishes to play gladiator for a few years do so in full consciousness of the implications involved—and let such boys be paid a fair price, preferably a high price, for their services. Salaries should be high because of the unusual talent required and the serious hazards involved.

Students who choose to enter big-time athletics might be awarded, in addition to their regular salaries, stipulated scholarships under which they might, upon conclusion of their athletic careers, pursue courses leading to an academic degree—provided any of them have such a desire.

Finally, let coaches discontinue their furtive and evasive bids for material, in favor of open competitive bidding on a frankly commercial basis. The fact that the amateur spirit no longer prevails in the major sports of many colleges should be recognized and dealt with as a reality.

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In the Driftway

THAT ancient and estimable work, the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," is before us again. It has already been reviewed in *The Nation,* but the Drifter has a few private remarks to make concerning this fourteenth edition. The "Britannica," as everybody either knows or ought to know, is an English institution. In England it was born and bred. But not, unfortunately, born and read. At least it was not read by enough persons there. In recent years its chief sale has been in the United States—and the good Lord knows we need it! So, in preparing the present new edition, it was decided to edit it with special attention to the tastes and demands of American readers, or, as some persons put it, to "jazz up" the work. To what extent that has been done, and how successfully, the Drifter has not yet investigated the new volumes sufficiently to be willing to hazard an opinion. He knows, though, that some of the editorial work was done in this country and that in the course of it he (yes, he the Drifter) was asked for a contribution.

* * * * *

WHEN the Drifter received that invitation the bottom dropped out of his reverence for and his belief in the "Britannica." He couldn't see why an encyclopedia should want an article on the subject upon which he was asked to write, nor what claims he had to be regarded as an authority on the topic. The pay offered was slight, but the Drifter's vanity was tickled and he wrote the article. In due course he received an appreciative letter from the editor, who added that space limits would make it necessary to cut the article somewhat. When the encyclopedia itself appeared the Drifter turned its pages feverishly to read his immortal words. But the name of John D. Drifter did not lead all the rest. In fact it was not even among the "also ran." Decidedly it had been cut somewhat; it had been left out! The Drifter was disappointed, but in the midst of his disappointment he found his reverence for and belief in the "Britannica" magically restored. He remembered the story of the Persian who saw the reflection of the moon in his well one night and thought the orb had fallen in the water. The Persian got a rope and grappling-hook and tried for an hour to pull the moon out. Suddenly the rope broke and the Persian went sprawling on his back. Looking up he saw the moon in the sky. "Praise be to Allah!" he said with relief. "I am sorely hurt, but the moon is in its place again." Incidentally the Drifter is also in his place again—if not in the "Britannica."

* * * * *

BUT, strange to say, before the encyclopedia itself came out, the Drifter saw a prospectus for the use of salesmen in which his article was listed as among the notable contributions! Now he submits (and none will deny it in his presence) that nine out of every ten persons who read that prospectus will buy the "Britannica" chiefly, if not solely, to read his article. And when they fail to find it the Drifter feels that they will have an excellent action for damages against the publishers. Still, as a friend of the Drifter remarked: "Don't worry. Nobody who buys an encyclopedia on the strength of a prospectus ever reads it anyhow."

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

MacDonald and Socialism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Amid the clamor of enthusiasm over Ramsay MacDonald's addresses, may I be permitted to register one note of dissent? I am not a Communist and yet it seems to me that it is almost impossible to distinguish MacDonald's remarks from those of the representative of any other capitalistic country who is visiting foreign shores to promote peace and good-will. It is possible that he could not have easily avoided the farcical gesture of placing a wreath on the Unknown Soldier's grave—that pitiful victim of an economic-political holocaust that the Premier himself protested against so heroically. But is it necessary for him to conceal so continually in all his addresses and interviews with the press that he is a Socialist? "People fight," he said, "because something has happened, because a train of circumstances has happened which puts their nerves on edge; which makes them unhappy in their suspicions; which makes them feel unsafe and insecure. . . ." Could anybody infer from this statement that a Socialist is talking? Surely MacDonald the Socialist knows that one of the main causes of war, one that must hold first place in any consideration of the subject, is of an economic nature, and that it is inseparable from the capitalistic regime. Well, what prevented this honest and courageous Scotchman from coming out with it? Admittedly one cannot read his generous words without being moved by their ardent sincerity; but as far as the ideas themselves are concerned, are they much different from those habitually expressed by the Prince of Wales on his perennial missions of good-will?

Brooklyn, New York, October 12 PHILIP POLLACK

The Origin of "Ilk"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In *The Nation* of September 11 appears that well-worn phrase "of that ilk," also an odd variant—"of the ilk." Both are used to mean "of that kind" or "class" or "sort," and neither really does mean anything of the sort.

Let me tell you that "ilk" is not a noun. It is a Scotch adjective. It means "same" and nothing else. You see, in Scotland men often identify themselves by adding the name of their estate to their family name, as Cameron of Lochiel. If it happens that the estate name is the same as the family name, as Knockwinnock of Knockwinnock, they avoid repetition by saying "Knockwinnock of that ilk"—"of that same (estate)." Used otherwise it is, as the Century Dictionary says, "blunderingly used." See also Fowler's "Modern English Usage" where such use as you have allowed in *The Nation* is said to be due to ignorance or to be an example of "worn-out humor."

CHRISTOPHER WARD

Wilmington, Delaware, September 10

The Alvord Memorial

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: May I call attention in *The Nation* to the fact that the Mississippi Historical Association has made provision for a memorial to Clarence Walworth Alvord and to his distinguished services to the cause of history? I am sure that *The*

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Nation and many of its readers will be interested in honoring this man who was until his death one of your greatly valued reviewers. It is proposed to raise a fund of $10,000 or more to promote the publication of source material for the history of the Mississippi Valley. The fund will be administered by a commission chosen by the executive committee of the association, which commission will select an editor-in-chief. The series will be kept within a fixed sum each year and the price and edition of each volume will be controlled so as to insure the maintenance of the fund.

Subscriptions to the Alvord fund for publications are asked by the Mississippi Valley Historical Association, to which checks should be made out. They can be sent to the undersigned. Subscriptions to the fund will be $10 a year and may be canceled on six months' notice.

St. Paul, Minn., October 11 SOLON J. BUCK

Organize the Prisoners

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The recent series of prison revolts, especially that of the Colorado convicts, directs attention to our entire system of penology. Most penologists already admit that conditions in our jails are unspeakable; the great majority of us, however, have no familiarity with these conditions and go on happily, never reflecting that upwards of 200,000 Americans are always in jail, and about 5,000,000 have at one time or another been submitted to demoralizing jail conditions.

In a short letter like this one I can only outline certain suggestions which are usually pushed aside as absurdly fantastic, but which have, nevertheless, been brought nearer reality by the acts of the convicts themselves:

1. Reform must be won by the convicts themselves. The history of prison scandals of over a century proves how little is accomplished from the outside. No class has ever won rights except through its own efforts. Witness the case of trade unionism, women's rights, conscientious objectors, and political prisoners in Russia and elsewhere in Europe. Already the epidemic of prison revolts has aroused the public and forced Mr. Hoover, Roosevelt, and other notables to advocate reform.

2. Convicts constitute a class with as great a community of interests as any other class.

3. It would not, therefore, be difficult to develop class-consciousness among "criminals." In fact, it already exists.

4. But the right kind of class-consciousness does not yet exist among "criminals." In order to attain it they must slough off their own sense of guilt and must develop a conviction that they are victims of society, not culprits. Most of us are already cynically sure that only the poor, stupid, or mentally diseased get into jail, and that it is almost impossible to make a multi-millionaire serve *real* "time." Statistics prove conclusively that the vast majority of prison inmates are recruited from the poor. The criminal, however, must develop an active conviction that poverty and lack of opportunity are his greatest crimes, and that therefore he is entitled to treatment better, not worse, than that accorded wild animals in captivity.

5. Propaganda for this kind of class-consciousness among criminals will have to be made by our young radicals touched by the plight of this great crucified mass of fellow-men. They will also have to do the organizing, both inside and outside jail, at least in the beginning. And they will constitute the link between "criminal" and "non-criminal" public opinion.

6. Convicts must *not* engage in bloody aggressive prison rebellions. The blood must be shed by their jailers, provoked by a determined, passive resistance modeled on that of the conscientious objectors and European politicals, hunger strikes, refusal to cooperate, willingness to die rather than go on under unjust and degrading treatment. Very soon the morale of the better prison wardens, officials, and public will break down in the face of such determination, and the right to humane treatment and to organize for defense of that right, will be accorded the "criminals." I look forward to the time when every convict, inside or outside jail, will have his union card.

New York, October 11 HENRY G. ALSBERG

Swinburne

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I am preparing a history of Swinburne's reputation in England and America and should be grateful for the opportunity of corresponding with any of your readers who may know of unpublished letters written either by the poet or by authors who have made significant critical comments about him. My address is 34 Wendell Street, Cambridge.

Cambridge, Mass., September 9 CLYDE K. HYDER

Help for Marion

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: This is an appeal for help for the Marion strikers which I had hoped I should not have to make again. It is so urgent that no one with any human feeling should stop reading at this point. I make it as chairman of the Emergency Committee for Strikers Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City.

As many of your readers know, the Emergency Committee set up some years ago by the League for Industrial Democracy with the help of the American Civil Liberties Union to act as an industrial Red Cross gives aid in those strikes where union funds are insufficient and where the Red Cross adheres to its hands-off policy. We have no office rent and no salaries save for actual secretarial service. We function only when there is an emergency. That emergency, alas, has become acute again at Marion, North Carolina, where we thought the strike was over and the work ended. I need not remind your readers of the broken agreement, the bitter resentment of the workers, the sudden strike, the cruel or panic-stricken sheriff, and the resultant massacre. Six victims have already died and others lie wounded in the hospital. There was not money enough in the village to bury the dead. There is not money enough to pay the bills which the hospital thrusts upon the wounded. Certainly there is not money enough to give the most meager relief to the five or six hundred strikers and their dependents who must look to generous folk for their daily bread.

If this strike in Marion—a strike for elementary honesty to compel an employer to keep an agreement that was almost wholly in his own favor—is defeated by hunger it will add immeasurably to the already great bitterness engendered by the rapid industrialization of the South and the transformation of hill farmers into mill hands. I am sure that among your readers there will be many who want to give and to give promptly. We shall transmit relief without delay if it is sent to the Emergency Committee for Strikers Relief, 112 East Nineteenth Street, New York City, of which Forrest Bailey is treasurer. Bishop Francis J. McConnell, president of the Federal Council of Churches, is a member of the Executive Committee, and the National Executive Committee includes men and women of standing in the fields of social service, religion, and labor.

New York, October 10 NORMAN THOMAS

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Books, Films, and Drama

To a Modern Painter

By CORINNA REIMAN MARSH

You paint with mass and color and design
What the musician hears. A tenuous sail,
Mirrored in windless waters like a veil,
Curves in the singing cadence of your line;
Your steeps of snow, blue-shadowed with the hush
Of white on deepening white, toll wintry dirges;
Across your fields aeolian concord surges,
Swept by the orchestration of your brush.
Brass cymbals, muted, clash beneath the roofs
That clamp your huddled houses; pipes of reeds
Blow runic legends of satyric steeds
Roaming your purple woods with cloven hoofs.
What the musician hears your vision sees,
And, seeing, paints in lyric harmonies.

Meditations in a Country Churchyard

By JAMES RORTY

It is hard to live in America.
The dead have no peace, they are
Not truly dead; the moans of the half-born, the hard
Breathing of the unfulfilled are like
A strange wind over America, blowing hot, blowing cold, and we—
How shall we live in this fever?

Graves, empty graves, on moonlight nights I see them rising
Each with his sculptured willow on his back
Going west, going west, or climbing, climbing
Up and up the Golden Stair.

Peace, peace, old moles! I do not love you, grandpapa, and yet
I'll die for you; indeed I've died
A hundred times that you might sleep
More soundly, rot and sweeten, push the green
Rustle of the summer corn and peer
With the gentian, frost-blue at the bannered march
Of autumn.

Peace, peace, old moles! see, this
Is my body, broken on the thorns
Of your uneasy righteousness; and this my blood
Shed for the fears you never dared to face; and these, ah, these
Are my sins, my shining sins I pour
Upon your graves. Now will you sleep, old moles, now will you die?

Graves, empty graves! Oh, when I die
I will not walk so wildly lewd
Beneath the harvest moon.
You will be free, my sons, no fevered pulse of wish or fear
Will parch your brows.
You will be free, my sons, I'll not be caring, having heard
The voice of death, so golden and so round.
Earth at the lips, the taste of death so bitter and so right, and last
The sure, cool hands of death. Oh, never when I die
Will I come back to walk so wildly lewd
Beneath the harvest moon.

Dough-Boy and Hammer-Man

Wings on My Feet. Black Ulysses at the Wars. By Howard W. Odum. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $2.50.
John Henry. Tracking Down a Negro Legend. By Guy B. Johnson. University of North Carolina Press. $2.

THIS pair of authors cannot be too much admired. They write "social studies" at the University of North Carolina, but what they write is also literature, and it happens to be history of a very fine order. In collaboration they have produced authoritative works on Negro popular poetry. Separately now they make further explorations into the Negro world, bringing back contributions to our knowledge each of which is fascinating and important.

Mr. Odum's book is a sequel to "Rainbow Round My Shoulder," wherein two years ago this sociologist suddenly proved himself a poet. He had got hold of a wonderful hero, John Wesley (Left-Wing) Gordon, laborer, lover, roustabout, razor-sharpener, and crap-shooter through thirty-eight States; he had got hold of "Black Ulysses" and made him talk. And what talk! No one knows, and I hope no one cares, just how much of the "Rainbow" book was Gordon and how much Odum. The arrangement, of course, was Odum's, and the excision and the sense of order. But the language itself, which was the beauty of the book—how much of that was nature, how much art? I suspect that even Mr. Odum could not answer the question, any more than he could say whether the present volume exactly reproduces the account which Black Ulysses gave him of his adventures in the World War. For it is of the American Negro in the World War that the volume treats —as a "social study" if you like, but also as a feat of language and imagination.

My notion is that if a total stranger to America asked me for a description of the uneducated Negro, and if I were foolish enough to attempt so impossible a thing, I should end by giving this stranger "Rainbow Round My Shoulder" and "Wings on My Feet." All that he got would be a Negro talking, but this would be enough in view of the fact that the talk comes direct and pure, with not only the proper diction there but the inflection, the volume of sound, the expression, the gesture as well. And all this without any of the favorite devices of the dialect writer. No misspelling, no labored grotesquerie. It is obvious, to be sure, that Mr. Odum has been conscious of one device: he has left out most of the definite articles, most of the small words which do not get one into the meat of a story. But I like to think that Mr. Odum has for the most part worked without tricks—that Gordon's talk has somehow come straight through him to us. Hear him gambling, for instance:

> Horse an' flea an' couple o' mice,
> Settin' in corner shootin' dice,
> Horse slip up an' fell on flea,
> Flea say ain't that a horse on me.

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> Because I'm a gamblin' man I gits blues when I can't git to gamblin' game. Worried in my mind if I can't see them rollin' bones. Because I'm gamblin' man when I die place deck o' cards on my chest, pretty pair dice at bottom of my feet. Therefore you know I'm a gamblin' man an' sweet old game will be with me after I'm gone an' dead in my grave. Skin games first, women next, but if I can't git no skin game, don't want no women at all. Lord, I love yellow girl, I love black ones too, also I love medium brown. But I love my skin game better than I love myself.

The book is a monologue by Gordon, black dough-boy, blue-singer, and magic gamester—"War never got me, never will. Got my buddies, never got me." Mr. Odum has left out even those interludes of his own talk which he put, none too wisely, into "Rainbow." The result, I imagine in my ignorance of such things, is a social study of the first importance. I do know definitely that it is a long delight.

John Henry was a Negro steel driver without any parallel among those who hammered drills into stone in preparation for the blast. Even as a baby boy on his father's knee he had had intimations of a great career which would reach its climax only with death in a tunnel with a hammer in his hand. And sure enough, in or about 1870 he met an immortal fate in the Big Ben Tunnel on the C. & O. railroad in West Virginia. A new contraption had come in, a steam drill which it took no courage or endurance to handle. John Henry tried to beat the steam drill down and vindicate the glory of mere man—"a man ain't nothin' but a man." He did beat it down, there in the Big Ben Tunnel, but died as he did so; and his wife Polly Ann ran down the tracks to where her man had fallen forward with his hammer in his hand.

So at any rate the greatest of all Negro legends goes, and so innumerable ballads do declare. But was there ever a real John Henry, and was this contest held? Mr. Johnson, admitting that in a sense it doesn't matter, has tried to find out, and his book is a description of the attempt. He haunted the Big Ben Tunnel and talked with everybody there; he held John Henry contests in Negro schools and colleges; he worked through the Negro press; he even applied to officials of the Chesapeake & Ohio for old construction data. His conclusion is merely that there *may* have been a man, John Henry, who lived this life and earned this death. There is little proof; only one man with whom Mr. Johnson came in contact claimed to have seen the contest.

The important thing, as Mr. Johnson knows, is that millions of Negroes believe in John Henry, and that the body of songs about him is immeasurably rich. Mr. Johnson prints many versions of what may be supposed the original ballad, and passes expert commentary on the variations. But the most impressive thing about his book is the enthusiastic and sympathetic spirit with which it is written. It is that spirit which marks him as inspired among sociologists, and leads one to expect anything one likes from North Carolina.

MARK VAN DOREN

A Saga of the North

Seven Iron Men. By Paul de Kruif. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $3.

THE iron men of the title are the seven Merritts of Duluth—the tough, unyielding, indomitable sons and grandsons of old Hepzibeth Merritt, who set up her house in the wilderness at the head of the Lakes in 1856, and lived to see it blossom with skyscrapers and Rotarians, golf links and little theaters, bootleggers and cathedrals.

There was iron in the blood of Hepzibeth and so it was natural that her progeny should seek it in the earth. The tale of their long and furious quest makes one of the most melodramatic stories in American history. For years on end they roved the swamps and forests of northern Minnesota, rasped and stiffened by the winter winds, burned by the roaring heats of summer, and stabbed and blistered at all seasons by the endless flies, mosquitoes, gnats, wasps, and lice of the region. The gods played many melancholy tricks upon them. They suffered from wounds, bruises, bites, cold, hunger; they went broke and got into debt; they became comic characters, laughed at by the judicious. Worse, they saw lesser and often ignoble men stumble fatuously upon what they themselves sought so heroically, and so long in vain. But still they kept on, plugging away, hoping against hope, and one day they plunged full-tilt into their Golconda.

This was the famous Mis-sa-be iron range, perhaps the greatest strike ever made by mortal prospector. To this day its richness remains too vast to be estimated soberly. The red, black, and purple ore, bursting with iron, ground to sand by nature and ready for the furnace, lay at the very surface and extended for miles in every direction. Old miners, flocking in to see the marvel, simply stood speechless, their eyes a-pop. There was no question of mining the stuff; all that was necessary was to put in steam-shovels and load it upon cars. So the Merritts, with the town bankers of Duluth now backing them, ran in their rails and began to dig. The wealth ahead of them seemed endless, fabulous. They were plainly headed for such dizzy riches that even a land of millionaires would gasp at the tale.

But then something happened. The panic of 1893 came on and the Merritts, for all their mountains of ore, found themselves short of ready cash. They needed it to extend their railroad to Lake Superior, to buy ore cars, to pay for the thousand and one expensive things that go into the launching of a big business. One day certain affable representatives of John D. Rockefeller appeared in Duluth and offered them help. What followed is somewhat obscure, for various congressional investigating committees and posses of lawyers have muddied it, but there seems to be every reason to believe that the Holy Spirit took a hand in it. The principal Rockefeller agent, in fact, was a gentleman of the cloth, the Rev. Frederick T. Gates, and in the Merritts he found willing hearers of his message, for all of them were baptized men and one of them was even a Methodist preacher. When the panic cleared off and the last hymn was sung they had a paltry half million between them, and John D. and his friends had the Mis-sa-be range—not to mention a neat paper signed by twenty-one Merritts, male and female, certifying that "no misrepresentation was made nor fraud committed by Mr. Rockefeller, or by his agents or attorneys." Today that paper, framed in olive wood from the Holy Land, hangs in John D.'s oratory, and the Merritts sink back into the obscurity whence they came. The greatest of them, Lon, died in 1926 leaving "$1,500 worth of household goods, $800 miscellaneous, and $150 in cash."

Dr. de Kruif does not go into this dark and spookish matter at any length; he states the salient facts and lets it go at that. For one, I would like to see it ventilated more thoroughly, for the strange operations of the Holy Spirit have interested me since childhood. But de Kruif is mainly concerned with the way the Mis-sa-be range was won, not with the way it was lost. His story is a gorgeous piece of narrative writing. With unfailing skill he unwinds its tortuous links and lays them out straight and clear. The Merritts leap from the chronicle in all the colors of life—especially Lon, the king of them all, with his maudlin poetizing, his childlike faith in mankind, and his incredible tropical hat. It is a tale full of thrills, shot through with sardonic humors. All the virtues that made "Microbe Hunters" and "Hunger Fighters" so exhilarating are in it.

H. L. MENCKEN

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Mexican Culture

Idols Behind Altars. By Anita Brenner. Payson and Clarke. $5.

MEXICO for the four hundred years succeeding the Spanish Conquest lacked a civilization that could be defined as national. Immediately after the great social revolutionary period of 1910 to 1921, intellectuals, artists, politicians, and statesmen sought desperately to make the people race-conscious by providing them with controls for social and material culture indigenous to the country, in place of the former temporizations with a west-European culture complex. The evanescent quality of political and economic systems renders difficult their preservation for long and over great stretches of time. It is the anthropologist's material culture, or the relatively imperishable remains of man, that synthesizes the history of a race, since it shows the product of a nation's activity and not the aspiration and opinion of individuals. Miss Brenner touches lightly on the succession of viceroys and presidents and concerns herself with the fortunes of the culture of Mexico. A reading of her book enables one to realize the quality and the potentiality of the country as one could not from a political history; for in Mexico the individual in power, no matter how strongly he is enthroned on a governmental or economic dais, has been transitory and apart from the groping development of the country.

To sympathize with the aspirations of Mexico and its past and present condition several facts need to be remembered. The aboriginal population of Mexico is not homogeneous. Well over a score of tongues, several distinct types of culture, and a host of political entities obtained in Mexico before the conquest. The high civilizations, like the Maya, the Zapotec, the Toltec, and the Aztec, had in common the trait of theocratic government. To the propitiation of gods was consecrated all of human endeavor. Yet between the people and their gods lay the priesthood who insulated the religion from any close personal participation in it by the common people. There was no passionate devotion but an abased following of ritual. Furthermore, ideals of beauty lay in harmony of line rather than in the sublimation of the physical or sexual ideal.

After the conquest the substitution of Christian for indigenous theology proceeded rapidly and with very little friction. The Catholic ritual offered a more direct contact between the people and the higher power. It must have made small difference to the indigenous Mexican whether he carved, in the place of a maize-goddess, the Virgin, since there was always the directing priestly hand. But the conquest of 1519 brought one strong contrast to the earlier life, namely, the rise in power of the individual. The indigenous priests were as humble before their gods as the commoners were before their priests, but after the conquest the ruling classes were unbridled whites and mestizos. The Indian, used to an unaccented life of vague oppression was largely untouched. When the leavening of active individuals from the Indian mass began, after the wars of independence from Spain, this heedlessness of restraint extended still more widely. At the same time, art controlled by priests for the commoners declined as the church was shorn of its temporal power. Native art was practiced only in an aboriginal sense; conscious developments were pale copies of the more tasteless elegancies of Western Europe.

The situation at the close of the 1910-1921 revolutions was, then, inevitable. The mass of the people were inert and lethargic after the apathy of centuries. Whoever rose above the ruck of peonage was a passionate individualist, cynical of eternal truths and of the affirmations of the civilized. The progress of the revolutions had jolted many clear of the soil, and these are the men that strive now to create a nation with a united ethnic consciousness and with arts expressive of their violent nationality. In their attempts to instil a passionately individualistic spirit into the heavy mass of an abstract and theological art, in the reconciliation of modern West-European culture with the Indian and the colonial, and in their efforts to increase in the people individual responsibility for the body politic we see Mexico trying to resolve its myriad problems to their fundamental sources.

Miss Brenner describes these complexities of Mexico with sympathy, clarity, and vision. She surveys the problem from many angles and in many moods. Her style reflects the peculiar spirit of modern Mexico—feverish activity of thought, precipitate action, defeatism in contemplating the immutability of nature and the transitory futility of individual man, and a hopeful intellectual cynicism. What she offers, however, is appreciations rather than solutions. She deals with the real Mexico in terms of itself, and not with the political Mexico which must treat with the powers which have exploited it and helped it to exploit itself. Only a Mexican, perhaps, can fully understand Mexico, but Miss Brenner's book shows why, for others, the understanding must be incomplete.

GEORGE C. VAILLANT

Confessions of George Sand

The Intimate Journal of George Sand. Edited and Translated by Marie Jenney Howe. The John Day Company. $3.50.

FEW people are aware of the most important influence in their lives, and George Sand, though an excellent psychologist, was no exception to the rule. In her "Intimate Journal," edited and translated by Marie Jenney Howe, she says far too little of the grandmother who shaped her life. Aurore Dupin the elder was the granddaughter of August the Strong of Saxony and the daughter-in-law of Louis XV of France. But for the bar sinister in both cases she would have been doubly a princess, by birth and by marriage. She bore herself as if she were one. Her little granddaughter stood in such awe of her that she could never see the strange old lady as she really was. Not even after little Aurore Dupin had grown into the great George Sand could she penetrate the outward form of her august grandmother. Fortunately the novelist's memories include one deep revealing glimpse into that buried soul. The meeting of Madame Dupin with Jean-Jacques Rousseau is the moment preserved. She did not need to be introduced. "Jean-Jacques had been described to her so often that she recognized him at once. She tried to speak, but burst into tears." Rousseau responded by weeping also. Madame Dupin's husband tried to restrain himself but he also gave way. "The three then hastened to the dinner-table, so that all this weeping might be controlled." But Madame Dupin could not eat and Jean-Jacques soon slipped away without having spoken a word. His "Nouvelle Héloïse," however, the touchstone of all romantic hearts of that era, remained to comfort his passionate young admirer. This exquisitely sensitive young lady was the same stern Madame Dupin who brought up George Sand later. Beneath all her crisp disillusionment the trembling little bride of Rousseau's spirit still lived on, presiding, potent and unseen, over George Sand's childhood.

Aurore Dupin, known as George Sand, was an only child. Her father was a soldier who was killed by a fall from his horse when Aurore was only five years old. Her mother was a simple girl whom her father had married in Paris and had brought back to his ancestral home just before his fatal accident. The child afterwards became a bone of contention be-

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tween her mother and her grandmother, until old Madame Dupin, with a final snarl of triumph carried off the bone. George Sand always looked upon her mother's failure to defend her claim as a desertion, but the superior age, rank, and intelligence of the elder woman make it possible that the younger was more sinned against than sinning. Whatever the merits of the question, George always felt that her mother had abandoned her, and to this extent at least the frivolous woman had done just that. With this painful impression of her mother and with the gruesome memory of her father's shocking end, the little girl grew up at Nohant. Her companions were her grandmother and her father's old tutor, who now became her own. Small wonder that the child assimilated the dead Maurice Dupin's personality until she finally spoke like a man, dressed like a man, and loved like a man. "Adieu, golden hair, adieu, white shoulders; adieu to all that once was mine," she wrote to Alfred de Musset. Small wonder that she adopted a man's name and so identified herself with it that it became her own.

Her formal education was but scanty. She says of herself that she could not learn arithmetic. Three years in an English convent were devoted to an intense religious experience far beyond the usual excesses of adolescence in this line. Her tutor, Deschartres, was a disappointed doctor and George Sand learned from him something about medicine. She fancied herself very much of a physician, keeping a skull on her writing table, treating the peasants for their various ills, and calling herself in her fantasies Dr. Piffoël. However, her medical training seems to have done her most good in helping her through periods of intense melancholia by fixing her attention on her physical organs instead of on her mental states. If in consequence she was something of an invalid it was perhaps a small cost to pay to keep her mental balance.

Her career as an author was apparently foreordained. Even as a child she gave her fantasies a form and a name. Her mother is said to have been a lively story-teller, but her grandmother, who had once wept at the sight of a famous author, may have felt an enthusiasm for his art which was all the more powerful for having been thwarted. "I would have walked ten leagues to see Monsieur Balzac," said George Sand of herself in her early married life. It was a strange desire to have possessed the young wife and mother and foretold the divided allegiance which was the torment of her life.

George Sand, let it be especially noted, had German blood in her veins. Through it she was allied with the greatest of all the mystics who dominated her age. Her "Lélia" was compared with "Werther." The visions of the "Intimate Journal" rival those of Theodor Hoffmann, the author of the eerie "Tales." The description of her horse-back rides in the middle of the night is not so much a picture as a mood, a *Stimmung,* such as the German romantic poets of her time delighted to evoke. Her editor Buloz was immensely pleased with her eccentric life and the unparalleled publicity which it gave her. But he did not like it when she expressed unconventional and extreme opinions in her pages. For George Sand was a writer with ideas as well as a novelist and poet. On subjects like education, politics, and economics she held advanced views and, like most ardent intellectuals of her time, she was interested in socialism and intrigued by phrenology. She dabbled in practical reforms and in some unpractical ones, but she was too much of a day-dreamer to stray far in this path. Her ideas on writing are well worth the study of anyone who strives to practice the art; while, as Marie Howe fittingly points out, her theories of education are astonishingly modern. Her comments on her own past life, made at the age of sixty-four, are trenchant and penetrating, such as old Madame Dupin herself might have made on looking backward. "No doubt I cherished the illusion of greatness," writes the elderly George Sand. "It was the fashion in those days. I see now that goodness and sincerity are quite enough for me to undertake."

Marie Jenney Howe has provided us with much valuable and original material by the translation of these memoirs. The inclusion of the work of Madame Aurore Sand, George Sand's favorite granddaughter, gives a chivalrous as well as an authentic touch to the volume. For, in addition to its other admirable qualities, the book is the personal tribute of one much-revered woman to the memory of another. Marie Howe has laid a golden wreath on George Sand's monument.

KATHARINE ANTHONY

A Fine American Novel

A Farewell to Arms. By Ernest Hemingway. Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.50.

RECENTLY there have been laid down a number of dicta anent what the modern novel may not do if it is to remain a modern novel. One of them is to the effect that a representation of a simple love affair is impossible in our day. Another tells us that it is difficult, if not impossible, to reproduce the emotion of male friendship or love, as the present shift in sex conventions tends to surround the theme with an ambiguous atmosphere. A third dictum concerns itself with the impossibility of true tragedy in contemporary literature. A fourth, not so much a stated law as a pervasive feeling, would insist on the irrelevance to our time of the "non-intellectual" or "primitive" novel. Now, none of these generalizations is silly; there is a great deal of truth in all of them. It just happens that Mr. Hemingway, quite unconsciously, has produced a book which upsets all of them at once and so makes them seem more foolish than they really are. Worse still, his book is not merely a good book but a remarkably beautiful book; and it is not merely modern, but the very apotheosis of a kind of modernism. Mr. Hemingway is simply one of those inconvenient novelists who won't take the trouble to learn the rules of the game. It is all very embarrassing.

Take the business of love, for example. Neither Catherine nor Henry in "A Farewell to Arms" is a very complicated person. They are pretty intelligent about themselves but they are not over self-conscious. There are few kinks in their natures. I don't suppose they could produce one mental perversion between them. They fall in love in a simple, healthy manner, make love passionately and movingly; and when Catherine dies the reader is quite well aware that he has passed through a major tragic experience. Their story seems too simple to be "modern"; yet it is as contemporary as you wish. It seems too simple to be interesting; yet it is gripping, almost heartbreaking. I don't think any complex explanations are in order. I offer the familiar one that Hemingway, almost alone among his generation, feels his material very deeply and that he never overworks that material. Understatement is not so much a method with him as an instinctive habit of mind. (It is more or less an accident that it also happens to harmonize with the contemporary anti-romantic tendency.) Consequently we believe in his love story.

Similarly with the second motif of the book: the emotion of male affection, exemplified in the relationship between Henry and Rinaldi. This is the most perilous theme of all. With some of us a fake Freudism has inclined our minds to the cynical. Others, simpler temperaments, inevitably think of comradeship in oozily sentimental terms, the Kipling strong-men-and-brothers-all business. Hemingway seems unaware of either attitude. Perhaps that unawareness partially explains his success. At any rate, without in any way straining our credulity he makes us feel that this very sense of comradeship

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—nordically reticent in Henry's case, blasphemously, ironically effusive in Rinaldi's—was one of the few things that mitigated the horror and stupidity of the war.

I have rarely read a more "non-intellectual" book than "A Farewell to Arms." This non-intellectuality is not connected with Hemingway's much-discussed objectivity. It is implicit in his temperament. He is that marvelous combination—a highly intelligent naïf. I do not mean that he writes without thought, for as a matter of obvious fact he is one of the best craftsmen alive. But he feels his story entirely in emotional and narrative terms. He is almost directly opposed in temper, for example, to Sherwood Anderson, who would like to give the effect of naivete but can't because he is always thinking about his own simplicity. "A Farewell to Arms" revolves about two strong, simple feelings: love for a beautiful and noble woman, affection for one's comrades. When it is not concerned with these two feelings it is simply exciting narrative—the retreat from Caporetto, the nocturnal escape to Switzerland. The whole book exists on a plane of strong feeling or of thrilling human adventure. It is impossible to feel superior to Hemingway's primitiveness, his insensibility to "ideas," because he strikes no attitude. A large part of the novel deals with simple things—eating cheese, drinking wine, sleeping with women. But he does not try to make you feel that these activities are "elemental" or overly significant. They are just integral parts of a personality which is strong and whole. Therein lies their effect on us. It is impossible to be patronizing about Henry's, or Hemingway's, complete contemporaneity, his mental divorcement from the past, the antique, the classical, the gentlemanly, cultured tradition. "The frescoes were not bad," remarks the hero at one point. "Any frescoes were good when they started to peel and flake off." This is not merely humorous; it is the reflection of a mind reacting freshly, freely, with an irony that is modern, yet simple and unaffected.

"A Farewell to Arms" is not perfect by any means, nor, to me at least, interesting all the way through. I find the military descriptions dull, and for a paradoxical reason. Hemingway's crisp, curt, casual style, so admirably suited to the rest of his narrative, fails in the military portions because of these very qualities. It is too much like a regulation dispatch. Military reports have always been written in a sort of vulgar Hemingwayese; therefore they give no sense of novelty or surprise. But a detail like this does not matter much; the core of "A Farewell to Arms" remains untouched. It is certainly Hemingway's best book to date. There seems no reason why it should not secure the Pulitzer Prize for, despite the Italian setting, it is as American as Times Square. It is a real occasion for patriotic rejoicing.

CLIFTON P. FADIMAN

Nuns and Their Pupils

Convent Girl. By Helene Mullins. Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

NUNS have long held and will no doubt continue to hold a very reserved nook in the public mind. Art and poetry have combined to consecrate the figure of the gentle, pale-faced woman in black habit and white hood, bowed before the crucifix "breathless in adoration." History, in harmony with art, passes on the background of processions of pious fugitives bereaved of their convent homes by hostile governments; or of white-robed sisters gliding noiselessly from bed to bed in wards of hospitals hastily erected to care for wounded soldiers. It was inevitable that some corrective to the over-idealized figure should in time be administered, and "Convent Girl" supplies the needed corrective in a deft and sprightly way.

Helene Mullins tells of her contacts with nuns during her school years. She draws skilfully five types of nuns, and without either squeamishness or unfairness describes their idiosyncrasies. The five are Clement, the somewhat cattish saint; Martha, human but unspiritual; Juliana the garrulous; Thecla the pallid and colorless; and Mary Ambrose the "prudent" Superior. For Thecla the girl develops a "crush." "From that hour I lived but for glimpses of her, diligently setting myself to learn, without too openly inquiring, her occupations and her habits, so that I might guess at what moments and in what places I should be most likely to see her." Further, she searches for knowledge of the real Saint Thecla in a "Lives of Saints" which by strategy she borrows from Clement, but Clement cleverly finds out what "Life" she has read and learns her romantic secret: "So! Saint Thecla! That's how it is!"

By recounting these and other episodes and escapades that upset the harmony of convent school life, Miss Mullins succeeds in giving a realistic, if slightly disturbing, picture of the curious relation which exists between the Catholic girl and her Alma Mater; but she confines herself to the psychology of that situation and refrains from fundamental criticisms of any kind. Her style is not fully emancipated from the influence of the sixteenth century Spanish writing which nuns read to their classes, but her gifts as an artist are unmistakable and her insight into character is distinctly shrewd. While not professedly attempting to enhance the prestige of convent-schools, she implicitly adds her testimony to the fact that nuns put high ideals before their pupils. "Convent Girl" is daring, independent, and fair, and is certain to interest enormously all who have had to tread the highly polished, slippery floors of convent parlors.

E. BOYD BARRETT

A Curious Background

The Background of the Russian Revolution. By Alexander Meyendorff. Henry Holt and Company. $2.50.

THE author of "The Background of the Russian Revolution" is described on the jacket of his book as a Russian baron, a former vice-president of the Imperial Duma, and at present attached as reader in Russian institutions and economics to the University of London. His book consists of three short essays, delivered last year as the Colver lectures at Brown University. The text is generously interlarded with American references and comparisons. These afford the American reader unversed in Russian or Soviet values a basis for appraising the author.

In one of these references, by a bit of unconscious perversion, the author attempts to make Dr. Charles A. Beard his authority for listing Samuel Adams, Thomas Paine, Patrick Henry, and Jefferson as among the principal framers of the American Constitution. Dr. Beard, of course, was in process of making the point that none of these four revolutionary leaders attended the constitutional convention or had anything to do with the framing. Again, the author quotes a statement before the State legislature, by Governor Morley of Colorado, on the limitations of state government as opposed to the federal power, and uses this as a text for some ponderous theorizing on the natural restrictions of the state. These two grotesqueries are not untypical. They are all the more amazing because in his preface the author assures us that his manuscript was edited by a number of reputable American scholars. One must assume that these scholars and the auditors at the Colver lectures were alike persons of an uncommonly charitable nature.

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naive little mysticisms, buttressed by hundreds of quotations from major and minor prophets including Voltaire, Calvin Coolidge, and Dr. Will Durant. Each essay is overbalanced by a mass of notes, usually quite irrelevant and trivial, which run to twice the length of the text proper. It is in the notes that the author gives himself free rein. He resurrects the long discredited Sisson documents to prove that Lenin was merely a Mongolian agent of the German Kaiser. He also states that the Czarist regime piled up such a generous surplus that for twelve years, having produced nothing under the Soviet power, the country "has maintained itself exclusively on the accumulated wealth of the old regime."

Mr. Meyendorff's main thesis is simple. Czardom was a European, in other words a civilizing, influence in Russia. It was a bit too advanced for the Eurasian culture. It had installed popular representation through the Imperial Duma and was speedily transferring all the land to the peasants. Under the circumstances the revolutionary upheaval was a puzzle. The only seemly explanation is that the population resented this steady Europeanization. They reverted to "Eurasianism" and followed the mongol-faced Lenin. In support of this airy theory the author deigns to submit no facts. He ignores the reality that if the government had become representative the population evidently was unaware of it. He leaps delicately over the reality that if the land was rapidly passing to those who tilled it the mujik was too stupid to realize it, possibly because before his eyes the greater part of it was still held by the crown, the church, and the larger owners; and he was conscious of paying for his tiny strips upwards of $200,000,000 yearly to absentee landlords. The author is not concerned with the immediate causal actuality that the distributive system had ceased to function and the masses in the cities were starving. He is equally unconcerned over the vulgar fact that the masses in the army, having seen some 7,000,000 of their comrades swallowed up in the shambles under the compulsion of titled nincompoops, were determined to cry quits and go home.

The intellectual relics of Czarist days should restrain themselves from the writing of books. Their pens betray them. The dispassionate reader is forced to marvel that seemingly educated men could be so ignorant of their own country, or indeed of the things of this world. The only thing their pages clarify is the reason why they have become émigrés.

HAROLD KELLOCK

Poetry Briefs

The Profession of Poetry and Other Lectures. By H. W. Garrod. Oxford University Press. $4.50.

Most of these lectures were delivered at Oxford during the years 1923-1928 when Mr. Garrod was professor of poetry. Miscellaneous in the extreme, they reveal certain aspects of Mr. Garrod which his more unified volumes on Wordsworth, Keats, and Collins do not show. For instance, in three of them he treats such modern poets as Housman, Rupert Brooke, and Humbert Wolfe, and in doing so betrays less wisdom and skill than we had grown accustomed to expecting from him in the discussion of established names. Not that his old wit and his superb style are any the less in evidence; simply that he is somewhat outside his province. As always, however, he is rich, suggestive, and frequently epigrammatic—as when, after defending Matthew Arnold's concern with moral poetry, he goes on to say that he does not mean didactic poetry: "What is the matter with didactic poetry, of course, is not that it is didactic, but that it is not—there is nothing to be learned from it." On other matters, too, Mr. Garrod is equally profound and final.

Chief Modern Poets of England and America. Selected and Edited by Gerald DeWitt Sanders and John Herbert Nelson. The Macmillan Company. $2.25.

At last here is an anthology of contemporary verse which has the good sense to confine itself to the work of a few poets and to give a great deal of that. No other scheme is of any practical value, and none certainly has any poetical significance. The editors have chosen twenty-six poets, from Hardy to Millay, and have presented enough material by each—in some cases as many as thirty poems—to make some kind of judgment possible. The selection is almost everywhere good, and—another uncommon virtue—almost always brings the poet in question down to date instead of going over the familiar ground of his early work. In the case of Hardy, indeed, rather too much attention is paid to the later poetry.

The Winged Horse Anthology. By Joseph Auslander and Frank Ernest Hill. With Decorations by Paul Honoré. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.

This is a companion volume to "The Winged Horse," in which Mr. Auslander and Mr. Hill wrote a popular history of poetry. The anthology of British and American poems which they have now made runs all the way from Chaucer and the ballads to Housman, Hardy, Sandburg, Jeffers, Benét, et al. They claim a certain novelty for the book, and they have achieved it by refusing to restrict their selections to the kind of short and often stereotyped lyric inevitable in most such collections. They have gone in for narrative poems of some length, and in the cases of Shakespeare and Marlowe have reprinted distinguished passages from the plays. In other words they have striven for "the major note," and this was an excellent thing to do in a day when, as we have recently been reminded, anthologies threaten to debauch us with an abundance of trifles.

The Oxford Book of Regency Verse. Edited by H. S. Milford. Oxford University Press. $3.75.

Mr. Milford's anthology covers the period between the "Oxford Book of Eighteenth Century Verse" and the "Oxford Book of Victorian Verse." It begins, that is to say, with Wordsworth and Coleridge and ends with the early work of Tennyson and Browning. Much of the field was already very familiar, since it contained not only the four poets mentioned but Landor, Byron, Keats, Shelley, and the later Blake. The reader will look still further, however, to the minor figures—Beddoes, Darley, Hood, Peacock, and Hogg. And particularly in the cases of Darley and Hood, as Mr. Milford promises in his preface, will satisfaction be found. Hood is represented in his graceful serious work, and Darley may be said to have here his first introduction to the twentieth-century reader.

The Book Shelf

Oswald Garrison Villard's *John Brown: A Biography,* originally published in 1910 by Houghton Mifflin Company, has been taken over and reissued by Doubleday, Doran ($4). A few emendations have been made in the text.

A Great Rich Man: The Romance of Sir Walter Scott, by Louise Schutz Boas (Longmans, Green and Company; $3.50), is offered as "the story of a man who found literature magnificently profitable."

Changing New England, by Edward Elwell Whiting (The Century Company; $2.50), sketches a variety of social changes in New England during the past three hundred years and offers suggestions regarding the significance of the region in national life at the present time.

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Author of *The Magic Mountain*

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The American Legion in Iowa, a history of the organization, has been compiled for the State Historical Society of Iowa by Jacob A. Swisher (Iowa City: The Society).

The Amazing Benjamin Franklin, compiled and edited by J. Henry Smythe, Jr. (Frederick A. Stokes Company; $3), is a collection of upwards of forty appreciations of Franklin by contemporary public men, educators, and others. The book is issued under the auspices of the Philadelphia Chapter of the Sons of the American Revolution.

Forty Years with General Electric, by John T. Broderich (Albany: Fort Orange Press), offers much interesting information about the corporation and persons connected with it.

Zehn Jahre Rheinlandbesetzung, by Georg Reismüller and Josef Hofmann (Breslau: Ferdinand Hirt; 10 marks), lists, and in most cases annotates, 2,353 books, documents, articles, and other publications relating to the Rhineland and the Saar under ten years of Allied occupation.

A Selection of Cases and Other Readings on the Law of Nations, by Edwin DeWitt Dickinson of the University of Michigan (McGraw-Hill Book Company; $6), is a stout volume of 1,133 pages intended primarily for classroom use. The selections, chosen mainly with regard to the interpretation and application of international law by British and American courts, include extracts from constitutions, statutes, codes, and treaties as well as from judicial decisions, and are extensively annotated.

Creating the Short Story: A Symposium-Anthology, with an introduction by Henry Goodman of Hunter College (Harcourt, Brace and Company; $2.75), contains twenty-one stories by Sherwood Anderson, Ernest Hemingway, Ruth Suckow, Zona Gale, Waldo Frank, and others. Each story is prefaced by some observations by the author on stories and story-writing.

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Films

The Talkies Advancing

THERE are two reasons why Rouben Mamoulian's "Applause" (Criterion) is one of the most significant talking pictures that has yet been produced in this country. Its first claim to distinction is that rare thing the artist's touch, a quality which proclaims a cultured and sensitive mind attuned to the medium of its expression. Its second claim rests on its convincing demonstration of the ability of the talking picture to create drama which is not modeled after the stage.

Mr. Mamoulian is a newcomer to the movies. But the man who directed "Porgy" did not come empty-handed to his new task. He brought with him an extremely fine sense of pictorial and dramatic values. His story was conventional—one of those sentimentalized romances of back-stage life with which the film producers are now feeding the public; and his actors were hardly above the average as far as Broadway standards go. Yet in spite of the rather poor material he had to work with Mr. Mamoulian has created, if not quite a masterpiece, at least a genuine work of art that occasionally thrills one with its beauty and sardonic humor.

Perhaps the most striking achievement of Mr. Mamoulian is the sustained sense of unity, of an atmosphere, with which he infuses his play as a whole. The sordidness of its realistic detail is not to be gainsaid; yet how mordant and spicy it is, how different in its imaginative treatment from the countless scenes of chorus girls on the stage as found in even the best of Hollywood's films! Particularly striking, also, is the opening sequence showing a desolate street with bits of paper blown by the wind, then a solitary dog running this way and that, then groups of excited children and, finally, as a climax, the street parade of the burlesque troupe, with the volume of sound rising from scene to scene until it swells to a cacophonous blare of the actors' trumpets. Since Mr. Dudley Murphy's "St. Louis Blues," a very remarkable little picture in its own way, this is unquestionably the most satisfying instance of cinematic treatment of sound. Another instance, even more important in its implications because of the far-reaching developments it foreshadows, is to be found in Mr. Mamoulian's use of the "split screen"—that is, two independent scenes shown side by side. Taken as a whole, however, "Applause" is not free from some important defects. The dramatic values of its dialogue are not so well brought out as are those of the visual images, and there is a consequent loss of emotional effect. Nor is Mr. Mamoulian's almost continuous use of the moving camera wholly convincing. It slows up action where an imaginative "cutting," like that in Eisenstein's "Potemkin," would have given speed and concentration of interest. Besides, with its bouncing horizon and its emphasis upon the outline of the picture, the moving camera gives a view of the world as it might be seen by an elephant out of a closed car, rather than by a human being walking in the open.

The English picture "Blackmail" (Selwyn) is a creditable piece of work. It tells its story smoothly and effectively with due regard for dramatic climaxes. But while intelligent and on occasions even ingenious, it lacks the imaginative quality that stamps a work of art. The best that can be said for it is that as a talkie it does as well as an average silent picture would.

The best musical comedy, no doubt, that has come out of Hollywood is "Sunny Side Up" (Gaiety). As mere comedy it is excruciatingly funny; as musical entertainment it is—well, let us say, harmless; as an example of smart and dashing Hollywood workmanship at its best it is unique.

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Drama

Bad Luck and Bad Manners

THE versatility, competence, and sincerity of Alice Brady put her very nearly at the top of the list of American actresses. It was to be hoped that when she joined the Theater Guild she would at last be provided with a vehicle worthy of her talents, but bad luck, following her even there, has decreed that "Karl and Anna" (Guild Theater) should be a bafflingly disappointing play. Though no pains have been spared in producing it; though the direction is excellent and most of the roles are well cast; yet this story of a German Enoch Arden who returned from a prison camp to discover that his best friend had replaced him in the life of his adored wife fails singularly to engage the interest of the audience. It is flat, it is spiritless, and it leaves the spectator not so much unconvinced as simply unconcerned.

So completely negative are the defects of the play that they are difficult to analyze, but it may at least be said that one gets nothing out of it except the bare situation. One is told that Richard relieved the tedium of his imprisonment by relating to Karl all the details of his married life, and that Karl, having escaped, tried to pass himself off as the returned husband. One is told further that although Anna saw through the deception she found herself irresistibly drawn to the stranger who gradually replaced Richard in her affections. But though one believes, after a fashion, what one has been told, one does not understand precisely why one has been told it.

Such a tale might be made the vehicle for any of several different themes. It might, like Tennyson's poem, become the occasion for a sentimental glorification of renunciation. It might, on the other hand, be considered as a favorable opportunity for certain cynical observations concerning the fact that, in love, propinquity is not unlikely to triumph over memory. In the present case neither of these themes is developed. Indeed, one is led to guess that the author intended to focus the attention upon the mysterious force which seemed to predestine the two for one another, and that for him the center of the story was the scene in which they are drawn together by some power beyond their comprehension. But there is hardly more of mysticism than there is of sentiment or cynicism. When the husband, having lifted an ax to split the head of his friend, puts it down and departs, one is simply left wondering what it was all about. "Karl and Anna" is said to have been based upon an effective story. Probably the secret of its failure is to be found in that fact, for I cannot recall a single example of the dramatization of a piece of fiction from which most of the meaning of the original had not somehow evaporated.

If Miss Brady is the victim of misfortune, Miss Jane Cowl appears to be guilty of something very like bad manners in choosing to show herself in "Jenny" (Booth Theater), for here is one of those plays which really please no one except the leading actress. In it she appears as a sort of feminine "Third Floor Back" who uses her sex appeal to set everything right in a sadly disarranged family. She is—or rather she is supposed to be—mysterious, fascinating, brilliant, and irresistible. She comes surrounded by an aura of fame; she scatters pearls of wisdom; she scintillates with wit; and she promptly dazzles every man or woman who sees her. Impeccably chic, her heart is nevertheless in precisely the right place; sophisticated to the last degree, she is nevertheless firmly on the side of the angels. And Miss Cowl, obviously delighted with the role which she is playing, romps through it all *con amore,* punctuating nearly every one of her remarks with throaty, self-satisfied chuckles which seem to say: "Mark that! and that! and that! Was ever any woman so completely irresistible before?"

It is true that certain of her female admirers may be heard over the audience whispering to one another exclamations of delight, but for those who do not come prepared with incense to burn the proceedings are more than silly and one feels that painful, vicarious embarrassment occasioned by the spectacle of anyone who is too obviously showing off. Doubtless this sort of exhibitionism is understandable enough. Doubtless it is pleasant to be permitted to attribute to oneself all the virtues and to enact a day-dream in public. But the stars who permit themselves this kind of indulgence have ultimately to pay the penalty for forgetting an important fact: the theater exists to entertain the audience, not the actors.

"Mlle Burrat," the new addition to the program of the Civic Repertory Theater, is a careful and slow-moving genre study of French provincial life. It is made mildly interesting by the richness of its amusing detail but the story is neither very interesting nor very new. Certain of the performances, notably that by Alma Kruger as the miserly mother, are excellent.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"June Moon" (Broadhurst Theater) fulfils all one's expectations of a Lardner-Kaufman collaboration. The sharp satire of the former is adulterated by the buffooneries of the latter in this exposé of the song-writer's trade. The play is excellently cast. Mr. Norman Foster is particularly convincing as the nice lyrical moron from Schenectady.

M. G.

Contributors to This Issue

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□ PLAYS □ FILMS □ LECTURES *(continued on page following)*

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International Relations Section

Labor in Queensland*

By CARTER GOODRICH

"LABOR in Queensland is a record breaker. Its fourteen years of continued rule established a record unparalleled in any part of the world. And now . . . it has set up another record. It is doubtful if any party ever before sustained a defeat so overwhelming." In these words the *Australian Worker* described the elections of May 11 which turned a Labor majority of fourteen seats into a minority of eighteen. And since it is a defeat in the Queensland where William Lane first preached the doctrine of "matehood" between skilled and unskilled workers and in the Queensland whose government had boasted of the triumphs of "Socialism at Work," the results may indeed be of greater significance than the political overturns that have been of more frequent occurrence in the other Australian states. Labor has been badly beaten in its greatest stronghold. What, then, does it mean? Is the defeat to be taken, as American editorials have hastened to take it, as the failure of socialism at work? Does it prove the unfitness of Labor to govern? Is it to be interpreted as a sign that Australia is turning permanently away from the Labor Party which it was the first to raise to power?

Complete and confident answers cannot be given. No election appears capable of a simple explanation—not even when it is nine thousand miles away; and in this as in others many trivial cross-currents were at work. Yet some light may be thrown upon these questions by a consideration of the record of Labor's long term of office. In the first place, this makes it clear that any socialism that was at issue was of a much diluted and a somewhat disillusioned variety. Politically the Labor Party in Queensland, as in the rest of the Commonwealth, has been far more a labor-legislation party and far more a "farm-relief" party than a socialist party in any strict sense. Its first concern has been with immediate labor conditions. "The unions turned to political action to secure those things for which they had formerly striven by industrial means." To this end, they set up a system of compulsory arbitration under which "preference to unionists" is almost universal and the minimum wage is the highest in Australia. They wrote the forty-four-hour week into the law of the state, established a comprehensive scheme of unemployment insurance on the British model, and passed other pieces of social legislation that seem to have played their part along with the climate in giving Queensland the lowest infant mortality of any state or nation except New Zealand. Almost as much of the party's attention has been engrossed by the land question. Wherever Australian Labor has had great electoral successes, it has been more of a farmer-labor party than a strictly wage-earners' organization; and the nationwide attempt to place the small man on the land and to keep him there in competition with the hated "squatter," or great pastoralist, has nowhere been pressed more vigorously than by Queensland Labor.

As compared to these issues, the party's interest in the socialism of state enterprise has all along been distinctly secondary. Even so, however, the list of state ventures seems long and varied to an American observer. The Queensland Labor Government for part or all of its term ran the railways, navigated a steamship, raised cattle, sold meat and fish, administered estates and trust funds, and wrote insurance.

Yet this is much less a proof of Labor's socialism than it seems. The railways, as elsewhere in Australia, had been nationalized before a Labor Party had been thought of. The shipping venture was a temporary war-time expedient. And even in Labor's more deliberate incursions into the field of business enterprise, its purposes typically fell far short of the full socialist ideal. Its favorite policy was "state competition" rather than "state monopoly"; and the official statement of it, in the pamphlet "Socialism at Work," runs in terms of price regulation rather than of any economies of unification or possibilities of workers' control. Rings and combines—so the argument goes—have removed the safeguard of competition. What, then, is to be done? "One class of reformers would seek to protect the public from the exactions of monopolists by regulation. But experience, both within and outside the Commonwealth, especially in America, has shown how many and how serious are the difficulties standing in the way. . . . An alternative plan has been straightout nationalization. . . . The Queensland Government in most of the enterprises . . . shaped a middle course between these two methods." This third course was the entrance of the Government, *as an ordinary competitor,* into trades where prices seemed exorbitant, not in order "to capture the whole of the business, but to force the private sellers, by means of legitimate competition, to treat their customers fairly."

So, when Labor was worried about the high cost of meat, it did not nationalize the packing-houses, which to an orthodox socialist might have seemed most nearly "ripe" for it, but set up instead a chain of competing butcher shops and bought a number of "cattle-stations." "Present indications," said the 1917 pamphlet, "point to competition from the State proving a more efficient method of keeping down prices than any amount of direct regulation." Surely this is a much attenuated socialism; and if the method shows a more than American faith in the governmental agency, the purpose is precisely that of many an American statute. Moreover, the indications of 1917 have not always been borne out and the early faith has been somewhat shaken. The work of the Public Trustee and that of the State Insurance Office have been conspicuous successes, which the new anti-Labor administration has promised not to disturb. But the merits and demerits of the meat shops have been the subject of heated controversy, and the state ranches were a complete failure from the start and abandoned by the Labor Government itself.

Indeed, in recent years the Queensland Party, though carrying at the head of its platform an academic pronouncement in favor of "the socialization of industry," has in practice shown much more inclination to divest itself of existing state enterprises than to add to their number. If it was socialism that was beaten at the polls, it was a social-

* *The Nation* of October 23 noted the overwhelming victory of the Labor Party in the Australian Commonwealth election of October 12. Mr. Goodrich's analysis of the labor defeat in Queensland throws light upon the realities of the Australian situation.—EDITOR THE NATION.

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READER'S ROUND TABLE
I. Art and the Machine
DOUGLAS HASKELL—Nov. 12, 19, 26, Dec. 3, 10. 135th Street Branch Library—8:30 P. M.
OAKLEY JOHNSON—Nov. 14, 21, Dec. 5, 12, 19. 115th Street Branch Library—8:30 P. M.
HUGER ELLIOTT—Nov. 22, 29, Dec. 6, 13, 20, Hamilton Fish Park Branch Library—8:30 P. M.
THOMAS MUNROE—Jan. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30. Thomkins Square Branch Library—8:30 P. M.
BARRETT CLARKE—Jan. 7, 14, 21, 28, Feb. 4.—Riverside Branch Library—8:30 P. M.

II. CLASSICS OF THE WESTERN WORLD
RICHARD MCKEON—Weekly Starting Nov. 13, Muhlenberg Branch Library—8:30 P. M.
RAYMOND WEAVER—Weekly Starting Nov. 14, Muhlenberg Branch Library—8:30 P. M.

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ism that had for years before the election been in retreat.

A more significant explanation of the defeats and also of Labor's growing disillusion with the policy of state trading, lies in the history of the relations between the Government as employer and its organized employees. From the point of view of the workers, the Government from which they had expected so much, though on the whole a "good" and fairly lenient employer, had made no attempt to share control and responsibility with the unions or to raise its workers to any status higher than that of the employees of private firms. Moreover, and more fatally, it had sometimes joined with other employers in reducing wages. On the other hand, it seemed to the Government that the unions had done nothing to help, and much to hinder, their own party in its attempt to administer the public services successfully. The workers showed no increase in efficiency, and the unions pressed their wage demands more relentlessly upon their own Government than upon its predecessors. Here were serious lines of cleavage; and I heard a member of the Labor Cabinet describe the unions as "the worst obstacles to the success of socialism," and an angry delegate to the Trades Council denounce the Government as "nothing but the employers' sweepers!" In such recriminations the growing differences found expression.

The cleavage was deepened and displayed in a series of controversies between the Government and the Australian Railways Union. This body is an industrial union under aggressive and dogmatically radical leadership which controls a large proportion of the railway workers. Twice the A.R.U. struck against its government-employer on wage questions, and twice the Labor administration gave way. In 1927 the feud broke out again, even more dramatically, on somewhat accidental provocation. A little group of strikers in a North Queensland sugar mill appealed to the railwaymen not to handle the sugar which the strike-breakers were managing to produce. The sugar workers' union repudiated the request, but a number of railway workers nevertheless showed their "matehood" by refusing to touch the "black" sugar.

The Government promptly discharged these men for insubordination. The A.R.U. rushed eagerly into the fray and ordered its members to refuse to fill the vacant places. But this time the Government was no less belligerent. "As the Australian Railways Union has officially decided that the orders of the Commissioner for Railways are to be disobeyed, and its members are complying with this decision, it has been decided to dispense with the services of all members of this union as from 12 noon on Saturday, September 3." "The issue is clear," said Premier McCormack in defending the order. "It is simply whether the Government or the Australian Railways Union shall control the railways of this state."

The replies of the union leaders defined even more sharply the dilemma confronting the movement. They pointed satirically to the Premier's progress from the strike leader of 1912 when he himself had asked railwaymen to join a sympathetic strike to the strike-breaker of 1927 who "sacked men for refusing to scab"; and they declared that the Labor Government had "reached a stage in its evolution when the powers of the State which the organized workers invested it with were being used to shatter the principles which created it."

So began the lockout of labor by Labor. The other railway unions were brought into the dispute and for a week the trains of Queensland did not run. Finally, the sugar strike, now almost forgotten, was settled; and the railwaymen went back to work on the Government's condition that each man should sign a written agreement to obey his superiors.

The result, however, was more an armistice than a peace; and though the Premier won the lockout, he perhaps in so doing lost the subsequent election. The bitterness was redoubled and a special Trade Union Congress was called to denounce the action of the Government. Although Mr. McCormack and his supporters easily retained control of the party machinery, and won back most of the unions, they faced the elections of 1929 opposed by a number of Left Wing and Communist candidates; and the official organ of the railwaymen openly demanded the defeat of the "Scab or Be Sacked" Premier and his "Scabinet." It is highly significant that of the sixteen seats lost by Labor, three were in railway centers and five in the metropolitan district. No such defeat could have been recorded had not the votes of thousands of workers who felt that Labor had done too little for labor been added to those of the non-workers who felt that labor had been given too much. The unions the obstacles to socialism, the Labor Government the employers' sweepers—to these recriminations the Queensland movement had come, and to this cleavage its defeat must in large part be attributed.

Is this, then, the beginning of the end of Labor rule in the country where its power was most easily won? Recent elections in other states seem to lend plausibility to the suggestion. The Queensland debacle is only the last and most decisive of a series of defeats. In 1927, Labor formed the Government for all or part of the year in every one of the six states; in 1929, it is left with only Western Australia in its control.

In federal politics the current has been running in just the opposite direction. Labor has not controlled the Commonwealth Government since it expelled its Prime Minister, Mr. Hughes, for urging conscription during the war. But in last year's elections, it brought its total vote to within thirty thousand of that of its combined opponents; and in this current September, what was left of the Coalition's slender majority deserted it on a labor issue, forcing the Government to go to the country. In any case, there has been no change in the underlying factors of occupational distribution and class alignment that have made Labor's rise to power almost inevitable. Not even the bitterness of its internecine quarrels is enough to suggest any major shifting of party lines or to disturb the traditional conclusion that "the temper of Australia"—about half the time—"is moderate Labor."

Yet if the Queensland elections are no proof of Labor's permanent decline, they do throw into high relief some of the characteristic difficulties of Labor in office. How is the party of progress to reconcile its demands for change with the immediate necessities of smooth administration? How is power to be shared between the unions and the party they build? And what incentives can be devised for the workers in the public services that shall violate neither the canons of democracy nor those of efficiency? They are questions that will challenge the most skilful leadership wherever a Labor Party attains to power.

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